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Sixth Series, }
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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE GURNEYS OF EARLHAM, . . .	<i>London Quarterly Review,</i> . . .	387
II. A VIRGINIAN SPORTSMAN, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	398
III. CHATEAU-HUNTING IN FRANCE. By Evelyn Frances Bodley, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	406
IV. LIONS IN THE TWENTIES. By Mary Agnew, <i>nee</i> Courtenay, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	416
V. A GREAT ENGLISH CHRONICLE, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	424
VI. TIBULLUS AT HIS FARM. By Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . .	430
VII. SOME SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MATRONS AND THEIR HOUSEKEEPING. By Margaret M. Verney, . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i> . . .	434
VIII. THE OLDEST TRADE IN THE WORLD, . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . .	440
IX. AMERICAN DISLIKE FOR ENGLAND, . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . .	443
X. SHAKESPEARE AS A FRENCH HERO, . . .	<i>Speaker,</i> . . .	446

POETRY.

CONFESSION,	386	AN APPRECIATION,	386
TO A CHRISTMAS CHILD,	386		

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CONFESSION.

For all these things I ask your pardon,
dear—

That I, being fond and true,
Have sometimes in my fondness doubted
you,
With brief distrust, with sudden biting
fear;

For all these things I ask your pardon,
dear.

Because I love you more than tongue can
say,

I feared lest I might be
Bankrupt of love that flowed so full and
free;

I feared to lose you, dear, some dismal
day—

Because I love you more than tongue can
say.

But now I stake my life upon your troth,
And trust you as my soul.

Of all a heart's fond faith I give the
whole

To your most tender keeping—nothing
loth,

Since love and life are one, to give you
both.

Chambers' Journal. ARTHUR L. SALMON.

TO A CHRISTMAS CHILD.

1.

O Christmas child, you came in the win-
ter,

One with the splendor the cold North
yields,

When the star-beams shot through the
white haze splinter,

On the sparkling face of the snow-clad
fields;

One with the dazzling flakes that sprin-
kle

A northern land, when the moon shines
bare,

And the frost-tuned sheep-bells clink and
tinkle

Shrill and sweet through the moon-lit
air.

2.

The fields of the North all night are
hoary,

The woods are blanched, and the skies
are wan,

But the gleaming land is not starved of
glory

In the level rays of the rising sun;

And you, who were wan as a child with
the whiteness

Of snow-laid field, snow-laden wood,
Now wake to a rosy and golden bright-
ness

In the tranquil dawn of your woman-
hood.

3.

As the faint rose-clouds and the golden
hazes

That move and hang in the morning
air,

As the opening, tracts of the wide blue-
spaces,

Is the dawn in your eyes, in your face,
in your hair;

Yet roseate gleams and gold cloud-fringes
And liquid lights in long deeps of blue

Taint not the splendor their glory tinges—
So shall it be between Life and you.

4.

Dazzling, unsullied, crystalline maiden!
Your soul shall be clean as her palace

of snow,

Outlying the fervor of lands o'er-laden
With flowers that bloom where no

north winds blow;

To-day you are eighteen! then shine out
forever

Fair as the fields on the morn of your
birth,

A silvery lily, sun-tinted—never
Soiled with the sorrow and the passion

of earth.

New Review.

E. NORTH.

AN APPRECIATION.

A woman's room. Its daintiness
Proclaims it Hers. Each quaint recess

Fragrant with flowers; each cosy seat

Subtle with invitation meet

A man's requirements more or less.

It soothes one like a faint caress,

A Lover's sympathy—confess

You have not ever seen so sweet

A woman's room?

Her books and pictures—all express

Her varied moods. Ah, how I bless

The day that brought her little feet

More near—since, to be quite complete,

It needs the rustle of *Her* dress—

A woman's room!

MARY BATEMAN.

From *The London Quarterly Review*.
THE GURNEYS OF EARLHAM.¹

The Gurneys of Earliham are justly celebrated as the leading Quaker family of England. No group of brothers and sisters played such a conspicuous part as theirs in the memorable crusade against slavery, and in the noble effort to reclaim and relieve the prisoner, which have given glory to the nineteenth century. Elizabeth Fry, Samuel Gurney, Joseph John Gurney, and their brother-in-law, Thomas Fowell Buxton, have written their names broad and deep on the religious and philanthropic life of our country. Biographies of these most prominent members of the Earliham family have long since been published, but no record of the united household has yet appeared. Mr. Hare's book will be an inspiration to family affection and family piety. The wonderful harmony and unity which bound the Earliham household together remained undisturbed amid all later divergencies of opinion, and formed a tower of strength for the brothers and sisters amid their sorrows and labors. Much of the material found in these volumes may be familiar to those who have studied the philanthropic history of the first half of this century, but it is a rare delight to be ushered into this lovely circle—every member of which was baptized with the Spirit of Him who went about doing good, and where pure and undefiled religion was arrayed in every grace of gentleness and love.

The Norfolk Gurneys claim descent from the barons of Gournay in Normandy. Some members of that ancient house fought in the Conqueror's army at Hastings, and received lands in England as the reward of their valor. The family had, however, fallen in the seventeenth century to the rank of Norwich tradesmen and tavern keepers. It began to emerge again in the days of George Fox. In 1683, John Gurney, citizen and cordwainer at Norwich,

openly joined the Society of Friends, and with fifteen other Quakers was committed to the city gaol. During his sorrows his wife proved herself so capable a manager that, when John Gurney died in 1721, he was able to leave a considerable fortune to his four sons. The eldest of them had, in the year before his father's death, gained considerable reputation as "The Weavers' Advocate" before the House of Lords. Walpole offered him a seat in Parliament, but this he declined as incompatible with his religious opinions. He became a prominent merchant at Norwich, where he frequently entertained Horace Walpole. His woollen manufacture was subsequently turned into a banking business, out of which sprang the present Norwich Bank. His second brother, Joseph, was also a prosperous Norwich merchant, who married Hannah Middleton, of Darlington, known as "The fair Quakeress." Their eldest son added greatly to the wealth of the family by introducing into Norwich the manufacture of hand-spun yarn from the south of Ireland. He left a fortune of £100,000. It was his second son, John, born in 1750, who became the father of the Gurneys of Earliham. He had bright red hair, and one day the Norwich lads followed him shouting, "Look at that boy; he's got a bonfire on the top of his head." Little John Gurney was so annoyed that he stepped into a barber's shop, where the obnoxious hair was shaved off and he was fitted with a wig. This is a rather quaint début for the founder of a great Quaker family! John Gurney grew up a remarkably attractive young man, with a wonderfully animated countenance. At the age of twenty-three he married Catherine Bell, of Stamford Hill, the great-granddaughter of Robert Barclay, who wrote the well-known "Apology for the Quakers." The new bride was a graceful and handsome brunette, highly educated, though she owed her training chiefly to her own private studies. The marriage had long been opposed by the Gurney family because of Miss Bell's lack of fortune, but she proved herself a noble wife and

¹ *The Gurneys of Earliham*. By Augustus J. C. Hare, Author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life," "The Story of Two Noble Lives," etc. Two Vols. London: George Allen. 1895.

mother. During the first years of their married life John and Catherine Gurney lived at the old "Court House" in Magdalen Street, already inhabited by two generations of their family. It was a very humble dwelling, but was conveniently near to the woollen yarn factory; and in it the growing tribe of children enjoyed much quiet happiness. One wing of the house was occupied by their grandmother and her youngest son, Joseph—the favorite uncle of the Gurney children. The old lady was so lavish in her charities that she always exceeded her very large income, and her sons had to make up the deficit. The summer was spent in a cottage at Bramerton, which opened on a well-wooded common studded with oaks and walnut-trees. Ferns and wild flowers abounded. The garden and orchard were a delight to the children. Mrs. Fry used to say, in later life, that the idea of Paradise and the Bramerton garden were always one in her mind. Here the children soon learned to visit the cottagers. The village schoolmaster came to teach them writing and figures. Mrs. Gurney enjoyed this secluded village life as much as her children. For her the ordinary society of a country town had no charm, though she always extended a cordial welcome to men of science or of letters. Her rule of life is given in a memorandum found after her death: "First, to promote my duty to my Maker; secondly, my duty to my husband and children, relations, servants, and poor neighbors." In her daily walks with her children she aimed to "enjoy each individually." She taught them to study the Bible, though without dwelling upon its Gospel doctrines. Mr. and Mrs. Gurney sat rather loose to the distinctive customs of their sect, and the Quaker ministers who came to Bramerton were somewhat feared and disliked by the household. Mrs. Gurney's chief friends were Unitarians, to whom at that time "all the culture of Norwich was confined." Her cousin, Margaret Lindoe, then a professed Unitarian, was her most intimate friend, and was much beloved by her children, who were charmed

with her overflowing humor and fun, though unhappily it was not restrained from serious subjects. John Gurney was a most indulgent father. He had received a very moderate education, but his natural brightness prevented this from being generally noticed, whilst his kindness and sociability made him extremely popular. How true he was to his principles, may be seen from the manner in which he dealt with a proposal to fit out privateers at Yarmouth during the war with France in 1778. The *Norfolk Chronicle* announced that the subscription papers were lying at Messrs. Gurney's bank. John Gurney's partner had consented somewhat hastily to this arrangement, but when he himself learned what was proposed, he at once gave notice that the scheme for fitting out privateers was inconsistent with his views, and that he could not consent to receive subscriptions.

From a letter of Mrs. Gurney's to her cousin, Priscilla Hannah Gurney, we gain our first glimpse of the children. She says:—

I am glad to find that thy thoughts are sometimes engaged in my affairs, and that my children are more particularly the object of them . . . I can scarcely resist now an inclination to introduce my little ones. Kitty's good propensities by no means fail her, and, I hope, increase. My lively Rachel has an ardent desire to do well, yet cannot always resist a powerful inclination to the contrary. But my dove-like Betsy [the future Elizabeth Fry] scarcely ever offends, and is, in every sense of the word, truly engaging. Our charming boy has a violent inclination to be master, but his extraordinary attachment to me gives me a tolerable share of power: which, be assured, I by no means mean to resign. If my sweet Richenda were not so much teased by her eyes, she would be, in my opinion, as lovely an infant as I have ever yet reared.

In 1786, Mr. Gurney secured the delightful old mansion at Earlham, which for centuries had belonged to the family of Bacon. The house stood three miles away from Norwich, on the road to Lynn, surrounded by a little park with fine groups of trees. In later years,

Joseph John Gurney's second wife, with her Quaker hatred of color, white-washed the side of the dwelling next to the road, but the pink hues of the brick front, with its grey stone ornaments and the masses of vine and rose which festoon its two large projecting bow windows and white central porch, still makes a lovely picture.

The wide lawn, to which the place owes its chief dignity, spreads away on either side to belts of pine-trees, fringed by terraces, where masses of snowdrops and aconites gleam amongst its mossy grass in early spring. The west side of the house is perhaps the oldest part, and bears a date of James First's time on its two narrow gables. Hence the river is seen gleaming and glancing in the hollow, where it is crossed by the single arch of a bridge. From the low hall, with its old-fashioned furniture and pictures, a very short staircase leads to the ante-room opening upon the drawing-room, where Richmond's striking full-length portrait of Mrs. Fry now occupies a prominent place among the likenesses of her brothers and sisters. Another staircase leads to what was the sitting-room of the seven Gurney sisters of the beginning of the nineteenth century, with an old Bacon portrait let into the panelling over the fireplace.

The handsome, long, and lofty dining-room was on the ground floor with Mr. Gurney's humble little study close by. The pleasantest bit of the house was "Mrs. Catherine's chamber," consecrated to the eldest daughter. Here in her old age Miss Gurney gathered the young Norwich clergy to teach them how the Scriptures should be read in church.

The removal to Earlham was a great event to the Gurney children, now eight in number. Catherine was only ten years old. Many charming people gathered round them in this pleasant home. Mrs. Gurney did not limit her circle of visitors to Friends, but gave an equally cordial welcome to cultivated or pleasant Unitarians, Roman Catholics, or Churchmen. Many regarded these intimacies as full of danger for the younger members of the household, but their mother always left

her children to judge for themselves as to the church to which they would belong. She taught them the opinions:—

Of no man or sect whatever, but simply the divine truths as set forth in the New Testament. She urged prayer upon them, but at the same time advised them never to attempt to pray unless they felt that they could give their undivided minds to Him who delighted to bless them, and she implored them never to dwell upon trifles in prayer, in which—being immediately before Him—she considered that they should be able to raise to Him their undivided heart and soul in loving adoration.

Mrs. Gurney did not put aside all worldly enjoyments, like the strict Quakers. She saw no harm in drawing, music, and dancing. This easy education seems, in the case of the most famous and philanthropic of her daughters, Mrs. Fry, to have produced a remarkable reaction. Mr. Fry's love of music was a great grief to his wife, who looked upon his occasional visits to a concert or an opera as a real affliction. "It was ever a terror to Mrs. Fry that, if her daughters married, they might possibly be taken to a ball, and when this actually happened in the case of one of them, her sorrow knew no bounds." In the rules which Mrs. Gurney drew up for the education of her children, great stress was laid on a thorough knowledge of English. Latin and French were included in the scheme.

The simple beauties of mathematics appear to be so excellent an exercise to the understanding, that they ought on no account to be omitted, and are, perhaps, scarcely less essential than a competent knowledge of ancient and modern history, geography, and chronology.

Knowledge of natural history, and skill in drawing from nature, are joined in this catholic list with capacity for household management in all its branches.

As a great portion of a woman's life ought to be passed in at least regulating the subordinate affairs of a family, she should work plain work neatly herself, and understand the cutting-out of linen;

also, she should not be ignorant of the common proprieties of a table, or deficient in the economy of any of the most minute affairs of a family. It should here be observed that gentleness of manner is indispensably necessary in women, to say nothing of that polished behavior which adds a charm to every qualification; and to both of these it appears certain that children may be led, without vanity or affectation, by amiable and judicious instruction.

The "ministers" of the Friends often found their way to Earham, where they gradually gained much influence over Mrs. Gurney, to the regret of her children, who did not relish the greater strictness introduced into the family life. But Mrs. Gurney was not long spared to her boys and girls. She died, in 1792, at the early age of thirty-eight. Daniel, the youngest of her family, was only eighteen months old. In her last days her mind was clouded by delirium, but the sick mother would insist on getting up and kneeling on the bed to pray for her children. Just as life was ebbing away, her mind cleared a little, so that she was able to speak some words of comfort to her heart-broken husband, and commit her troop of little ones to the care of her eldest daughter, Catherine. Then murmuring over and over again, "Peace, sweet is peace," she passed away from her loved ones.

Catherine Gurney was only sixteen and a half when she thus found herself at the head of the Earham household. One of her brothers had died in infancy, but there were ten young children who needed her constant care and love. She had not relative to guide her. The housekeeper and nurse proved valuable helpers, but Catherine was mistress. Her own picture of the situation is very touching.

Here, then, we were left, I not seventeen, at the head, wholly ignorant of common life, from the retirement in which we had been educated, quite unprepared for filling an important station, and unaccustomed to act on independent principle. Still, my father placed me nominally at the head of the family—a continual weight and pain which wore my

health and spirits. I never again had the joy and glee of youth.

The child-mother was nobly true to her trust. Great firmness was tempered by quick sympathy and entire disinterestedness. Her word was law. The younger boys and girls were never known to rebel against Kitty's advice, which, in important matters, was given after consultation with her father, and sometimes with her sisters Rachel and Elizabeth. She directed the education of her sisters, and as one after another passed from Earham to homes of their own, rejoiced greatly in their growing happiness and prosperity. She was spared to reach the ripe age of seventy-four, "the axis round which the whole family revolved, the centre of the love, harmony, and unity which she never ceased to inculcate."

The eldest of the group over which Mrs. Catherine had to preside was Rachel, a lovely girl of fourteen, "full of native charm and attraction, very sweet in her person, fair and rosy, with beautiful dark blue eyes and curling flaxen hair." Playful, vigorous, and affectionate, Rachel Gurney was, perhaps, the most charming of the Earham sisterhood. Betsy was a year younger. She had not Rachel's glowing beauty, yet some thought her quite as attractive. She had considerable natural talent, but disliked learning, and was somewhat obstinate in her temper. Enterprise and benevolence were already predominant in her character, and, under the influence of religion, in later years they became the blessing and glory of the whole nation. Her eldest sister wrote long afterwards:—

In contemplating her remarkable and peculiar gifts, I am struck with the development of her character, and the manner in which the qualities, considered faults when she was a child, became virtues, and proved in her case of the most important efficacy in her career of active service. Her natural timidity was, I think, in itself the means of her acquiring the opposite virtue of courage, through the transforming power of Divine grace, which stamped this endowment in her

with a holy moderation and nice discretion that never failed to direct it aright. Her natural obstinacy, the only failing in her temper as a child, became that finely tempered decision and firmness which enabled her to execute her projects for the good of others. What in childhood was something like cunning, ripened into the most uncommon penetration, long-sightedness, and skill in influencing the minds of others. Her disinclination to the common methods of learning appeared to be connected with much original thought and a mind acting on its own resources. There had always been much more of genius and ready, quick comprehension, than application or argument.

After this suggestive sketch of the growth of a noble character, Catherine adds that the process by which all her natural qualities became moulded into their later form was "a striking and instructive instance of the gradual but certain and efficacious progress of religion."

The large family circle at Earlham was knit together by affection for their father and for Kitty, their sister-mother. John Gurney tried to teach his children habits of self-reliance. When little Samuel set out for school, at the age of seven, his seven sisters accompanied him to the coach; then he was put into it, all alone, to find his way to Wandsworth. Samuel was a manly lad, who had a way of his own by which to mark his resentment against any injustice. When he was eleven or twelve his father took him to task rather too strongly for some matter, and gave orders that he should be sent to bed before his usual hour. Long before that time Samuel was missing. After much search he was found safe in bed. He had gone there, he said, from preference, as there was no place he liked so well. Catherine Gurney was never a strict Quaker, and no one was happier than she when there was a chance to play hide-and-seek in the winding passages and the "eighty cupboards" of the old mansion at Earlham. She encouraged her sisters in glee singing, and gathered little parties of neighbors for a lively dance. The sisters, wearing scarlet riding

habits, scoured the country on their ponies. Once they are said to have linked arms, and stopped the mail coach from ascending the neighboring hill.

Catherine, and her sisters alike, dreaded the Quaker Sundays, with the long, dreary silence and the more dreary sermons at the old meeting-house in Norwich. It stood in Goat's Lane, a quaint Dutch-looking building with high roofs and a many-windowed front. Many a time the journals of the younger Gurneys note that "Goat's was dis"[gusting]. These entries remind one of Mary Howitt's painful record of her weary Sundays in the meeting-house at Uttoxeter, where the reflection of the side-lights in the large window above the gallery, with all that it suggested about heaven to an imaginative child, was the nearest approach to good which she remembered in the seasons of silent worship.

Catherine Gurney taught her sisters to record their feelings and doings in their childish journals with absolute truthfulness. Louisa's artless record is full of quaint peeps into the mind of a bright and clever Quaker maiden of eleven. "I love my father," she says, "better than anybody except Kitty; she is everything to me. I cannot feel that she has a fault, and I am sure that I shall always continue to love her as I do now. . . . To Betsy I feel a particular sort of attachment; her ill-health and sweetness draw my heart to her entirely." She prattles freely about her loved ones, and tells us how happy she always is "to escape from the claws of Goat's"—the terrible meeting-house. One June afternoon she had been allowed to walk about, instead of sitting to lessons. "I do so like my liberty. I think it most silly to bring children up to be always at work. I am sure I should be better and happier if I did not learn much; it does try my temper so much." She resented Rachel's way of teaching, because "She treats me as other girls are treated, but Kitty treats us as though we were reasonable creatures. I hate the common way of teaching children;

people treat them as if they were idiots, and never let them judge for themselves." More amusing still is her dissection of her moral self. "I have the greatest pleasure in doing things to please others; it is one of my best qualities. Another of my qualities which people call most bad, but which I think rather good, is that I cannot bear strict authority over me. I do, from the bottom of my heart, *hate* the preference shown in all things to my elders, merely because they have been in the world a little longer. I do love equality and true democracy." A little later Louisa expresses her indignation because of the way Rachel treated another sister who happened to be rather older than herself. "There is nothing on earth I detest so much as this. I think children ought to be treated according to their merit, not their age. I love democracy, whenever and in whatever form it appears." On December 31st, 1797, Louisa went to "Goat's," and "had a truly uncomfortable, cloudy sort of meeting. It was a real bliss to hear the clock strike twelve. What an impatient disposition is mine! I sometimes feel so extremely impatient for meeting to-break up that I cannot, if you would give me the world, sit still. Oh! how I long to get a great broom and *bang* all the old Quakers, who do look so triumphant and disagreeable." A little later she is in one of her best moods. "I am sure nothing is so beneficial and good for the mind as being and feeling truly industrious, and having your mind and all your powers employed. Sometimes I am gifted, as it were, with one of these minds; I have been so this morning and afternoon, and it has made me feel quite happy."

The wave of infidelity which swept over England at the time of the French Revolution produced painful unrest at Norwich. The Gurneys' Unitarian cousin, Peggy Lindoe, felt the influence deeply. Catherine Gurney says: "We elder sisters were ourselves, in no small degree, carried off our centre; our sense of duty became gradually lowered, especially towards my father. Of

higher duties still, we became, indeed, careless and unmindful." Richenda, who afterwards became an exemplary clergyman's wife, wrote about this time: "Kitty read the New Testament to us, which I was unusually interested in, but at this time I do not believe in Christ. I mean I do not believe all that the New Testament says of Him. . . . though I have not yet brought the subject to any point in my own mind." The religion of the family seemed to be undermined. The children had formed an enthusiastic friendship with the family of Dr. Enfield, the well-known Norwich schoolmaster—a Unitarian. They were charming young people, highly cultivated, and very attractive. "They had," Catherine wrote in later years, "the religion of sentiment, but no knowledge of scriptural truth." The friends studied Rousseau together, to their great moral injury. "I need not say how undermining this was to truth, both in theory and practice. The foundations of truth and duty, such as had existed for us before, were shaken, and we were led astray in conduct." The father saw that things were going wrong, but had not the decision or force of character to put an end to this unhealthy friendship. A secret but intense affection sprang up between Rachel Gurney and Henry Enfield. When Mr. Gurney discovered this, he insisted that the friendship between the two families must cease, though he promised that the young people should be allowed to meet again at the end of two years if they continued in the same mind. The Enfields had never professed infidelity, but other friends of more advanced views remained, and the books of Godwin, Paine, and other sceptics had fallen into their hands, so that the young Gurneys were tossed about on a sea of doubt and error.

It was through a Roman Catholic neighbor that the Gurneys were first led back towards Christian truth. Mr. Pitchford was the son of a Norwich surgeon, whose reputation as a botanist had won him admission to the Gurney circle. John Pitchford soon became the fast friend of the family, and while

joining heartily in their amusements, lost no opportunity of urging upon them the truth of Christianity. He honorably and scrupulously avoided anything savoring of proselytism, but he was the first person, after their dreary days of doubt, who made the Earldham girls like religion and set up a high standard of principle. His influence also was a great blessing to their cousin Mary Anne Galton, afterwards so well known as Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. "She was one of the most interesting and bewitching people," another cousin writes, "I ever saw, and I never remember any person attracting me so strongly." One day when the Gurneys had gone to meeting, she remained at Earldham. As she walked in the gallery where hung the portraits of the Bacon family, she began to ask herself: "What was the purpose of the existence of these men? Where are they now that they have passed from earth?" When Catherine Gurney joined her in the gallery, Mary Galton said to her:—

I am twenty, thou are twenty-five; and what is the end of our existence? I am resolved most thoroughly to examine and discover for myself if the Bible be true, and if it is (I added in the folly and ignorance of my heart), I shall instantly do all that is commanded in it; and if not I shall think no more on the subject.

She at once began to pray that if there was a God to hearken, He would reveal Himself to her.

Meanwhile, Betsy Gurney was making the great decision. Hitherto she had been the gayest and brightest of the Earldham sisterhood. She had suffered sadly from the evil influence of the time, and had become almost a complete sceptic. On February 4th, 1798, the Gurneys went to "Goats." The seven sisters sat in a row in front of the gallery. Betsy wore a pair of purple boots, laced with scarlet. They were a perfect delight to her, and she intended to console herself with them from the oppressive dullness she expected. Her somewhat feeble health had freed her from many an unwel-

come attendance at the Friends' Meeting-house, but her uncle Joseph urged that she should make an effort to attend. Betsy had thus gone most unwillingly with her sisters. A strange "minister," William Savery, who had come from America, preached that morning. Betsy's attention was soon fixed, her eyes filled with tears, and she became a good deal agitated. When the meeting was over she crossed to the men's side, and asked her father to let her dine at her uncle Joseph's, where Savery was staying. Mr. Gurney was surprised, but he gave his consent. The other sisters went home, and for a wonder, wished to go again to meeting in the afternoon.

As we returned in the carriage, Betsy sat in the middle, and astonished us all by weeping most of the way home. The next morning, William Savery came to breakfast, and preached afterwards to our sister, prophesying a high and important calling into which she would be led.

From William Savery's journal we learn that two hundred people were present on the Sunday that he first appeared at Norwich. Very few of them were middle-aged. "I thought it," he says, "the gayest meeting of Friends I ever sat in, and was grieved at it. The marks of wealth and grandeur are too obvious in several families of Friends in this place." John Pitchford went to the Quakers' meeting three days later. There was a great crowd so that he sat on the staircase, but Mr. Joseph Gurney beckoned him forward, and put him amongst the preachers. After the sermon and prayer, one of them shook Pitchford's hand—the sign that the meeting was over. Savery's sermon was the best he had heard among the Quakers, so full of candor and liberality. There was only one drawback—it was two hours and a half long.

Betsy was now weaned from her love of the world. Savery had won her heart for Christ. Louisa also found him "a charming man, and a most liberal-minded Quaker. He appears to me a truly good man, and a most upright Christian, and such men are

always loved. To me he is quite different from the common run of disagreeable Quaker preachers." The change in Betsy was not altogether pleasing to her sisters. She began to lead a life apart, gradually but firmly withdrawing herself from the daily interests and occupations of the rest. Her sister Richenda told her one night, after they had gone to bed, how she disliked the change that was coming over her. Betsy replied that she felt it her duty to be a Quaker, that she was acting from reason, and not from enthusiasm, and had been far happier since she had reached this conviction, than she ever was before. "To some," she said, "drawing and singing may be innocent and pure amusements; to me they are not, therefore I give them up."

Catherine Gurney gives a lovely description of her sister at this time. "Her fine flaxen hair was combed simply behind and parted in front. Her white gown plainly fitted her figure, which was beautifully proportioned." The change in her spirit became daily more manifest. Nothing shook her when she once saw her path of duty. The Bible was her chief study. She gave herself to visiting the poor, and especially the sick. Strangely enough, she determined, before she made her final choice, to go to London, and taste the pleasures of the world which she had made up her mind to renounce. One cannot help comparing her to some novice about to enter a convent, making her gay farewell to society. Her father allowed her to go to London. She had dancing lessons in the morning, concerts and parties in the afternoon, theatres in the evening, balls at night. Then she returned to Earham, resolved to eschew the pleasures of the world, including literature, science, music, and cheerful companionship forever. She gave herself up to Quaker peculiarities with an intensity which sorely disturbed her sisters. She even refused to look at the picture which Ople was painting of her father. It was many years before she was delivered from these shackles. Towards the end of

1798 she began a school for the children of the neighboring villages. "Betsy's Imps," as they were called at Earham, soon numbered more than seventy. Then a Sunday-school was formed, and afterwards a little day-school in Norwich, where some of the best servants in the neighborhood were trained. Joseph Fry, who became a visitor at Earham about this time, proposed to Betsy, who at first unhesitatingly refused him. His manners were not pleasing and his appearance was against him, but he bore the highest character for probity, sagacity, and benevolence. He was also a remarkably good linguist, and a splendid singer. He was supposed to be a rich man, and his family were "plain Quakers," which, in itself, was no small recommendation to Betsy. She had, however, a sharp struggle before she could make up her mind to accept her suitor. He brought a very handsome gold watch and chain, and laid them on a white seat in the Earham garden. If Betsy took the watch it was to be a sign that she accepted his suit. The tall and graceful girl shyly emerged from the house and walked towards the spot, but she could not pick up the watch, and fled swiftly back to the house. Her father urged her to return and an hour later she stepped out again, took up the watch, and sealed her destiny. She never regretted her choice, though it was a sore wrench to leave home and friends. "I cried heartily on leaving Norwich; the very stones in the street were dear to me." She was married on August 12th, 1800, and took up her residence at St. Mildred's Court, in the heart of London. Her brother Samuel, who entered Mr. Fry's counting house, came to live with her. In 1801 she returned to Earham with her little daughter. Her sister Hannah sprang out of the carriage with the baby to show it to the eager household. A tall boy was standing among the group who looked on Hannah Gurney for the first time, and said at once in his heart, "She shall be my wife." This was Thomas Fowell Buxton, who by and by won his bride, and by his

crusade against slavery, earned distinction as a philanthropist scarcely inferior to that of Elizabeth Fry herself. Rachel Gurney was less happy. A great change had come over her views on religious matters since her last meeting with her lover, Henry Enfield. When their two years' separation came to an end, the young people had a long interview. Mr. Enfield scorned the change which had come over Rachel, and they parted without a word about the future. The loving girl was so deeply pained that Mr. Gurney resolved to bring about the union which he had so long opposed. But at this juncture news reached Earlham that Enfield was engaged to some one else. A faithful servant was sent to make enquiries at Nottingham, where the Enfields now lived. He brought back word that the young man was not only engaged, but was already married. Rachel Gurney never recovered from the stroke. By degrees, however, her mind and affections turned to other objects. John Pitchford, who had long loved her, ventured to offer her marriage, but without success. For some years Rachel Gurney lived with her youngest brother, Daniel, at Lynn. She became a regular minister among the Friends, but afterwards joined the Church of England. She died in 1827. On the last day of her life, a letter arrived from her old lover, Henry Enfield, assuring her that during the twenty-eight years they had been parted, he had never passed a single day without thinking of her. Her sisters hesitated to show her the letter, but at last they read it aloud. Rachel listened with glistening eyes and intensest thankfulness. The letter was given into her hands, and she died holding it.

The Earlham sisters were still nominally Friends, but many changes were coming. The marriage of one of their cousins to a clergyman made them understand for the first time the principles of the English Church. Dr. Wordsworth, master of Trinity College, who had married a relative of the family, also visited Earlham, and

greatly helped Catherine in her choice of books. She says "I did not then care about the church, but only about getting hold of the truth that I wanted to make me happy, and for this I cared far more than for anything else in the world." She and her younger sisters, Richenda, Hannah, and Louisa, finally joined the Church of England. Richenda married Francis Cunningham, afterwards vicar of Lowestoft, and threw her rare energies into the work of her husband's parish.

Louisa Gurney married Sam Hoare, in 1806. They were second cousins, and had shown a strong preference for each other from childhood. The Hoares were bankers of good repute, so that the young people started life under the most favorable auspices. A fortnight later John Gurney married his cousin Elizabeth. According to Quaker rules parents were forbidden to countenance any marriage between first cousins, so that the bride's father had to walk ostentatiously in an opposite direction to his son-in-law at the time of the wedding. No one could say that he countenanced the marriage. Four months later Fowell Buxton won his bride. His intense love for Hannah Gurney had spurred him on to constant self-improvement. He was greatly beloved by all the Gurneys. Catherine says:—

He was indeed a most noble youth, full of well directed ambition, and gifted with uncommon energy and perseverance in the right use of his talents. Both nature and education formed him to be a great character, peculiarly fitted to move in public life, and accomplish the difficult and important objects to which he was afterwards called in a remarkable manner.

The worldly prospects of the young couple were not flattering. Young Buxton had been glad to accept a clerkship in the brewery of Truman and Hanbury, with a prospect of a partnership after three years. But by degrees fortune smiled upon them, and no marriage, even of the Gurney circle, was happier in all respects than theirs. Samuel Gurney married Eliza-

beth Shepherd in April, 1808, and began that career as a London banker which soon raised him to fortune. He was never spoiled by prosperity, but looked on his wealth as a trust, and trained his children in habits of earnestness and self-reliance.

Up to the year 1808 the Gurney family seemed to have enjoyed unclouded prosperity, but that spring John Gurney lost his lovely wife, who died of decline. He never recovered from this shock, though he found peace and help in his religion. He had received some strain in lifting his wife, which left him lame for life, and in 1813 his powers of mind and body failed. He died in 1814, at the age of thirty-three. On the last day of his life all his mental powers seemed to be restored. He said that morning, with his brothers and sisters around him, was the happiest of his life. "How delightful is our being together and loving one another as we do."

The father of the Gurneys had died in October, 1809, from the effects of an operation. On the last day of his life he awoke from sleep, saying that he had been to heaven in a beautiful dream and had seen all his children there with him. He frequently expressed his confidence in the mercy of God in Christ and told his children how greatly their love of good had stimulated and helped him. The last scene in the Gildencroft, the old Quaker burial ground at Norwich, when Mrs. Fry broke into prayer for thankfulness under this great affliction would never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The Frys had now moved to Plashet, to the great delight of mother and children. Here Mrs. Fry began to devote herself to the establishment of schools and the care of the poor. Her influence among the Irish was wonderful. The Roman Catholic priest heartily supported many of her plans. Bibles were circulated freely and a happy change began to be seen. When the gipsies came for Fairlop Oak Fair, Mrs. Fry visited them with gifts of clothing, medicine, tracts, and Bibles. She was an ardent lover of nature, and rejoiced

to plant primroses and violets in the shrubberies and plantations. Her brother Samuel's home was at Upton, close to Plashet, so that there was constant and delightful intercourse between the families.

John Gurney was in the branch bank at Lynn; his younger brother, Joseph John, the scholar of the circle, entered the family bank at Norwich, living with his sisters at Earldham. His leisure was devoted to the study of Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, and the Greek Fathers. He was a minister among the Friends and threw all his strength and influence into Christian work, such as that of the Bible Society. Mrs. Fry also became a minister, though this was, she says, "awful to her nature, terrible to her as a timid and delicate woman." Priscilla Gurney, one of the loveliest of the sisters, was a "plain Quaker" and a minister. Fowell Buxton thought her as perfect a speaker as he had ever heard. He had seldom known "a person of such sterling ability." Priscilla Gurney died of consumption in 1821. The constant agitation of mind in which she lived wore out her delicate frame. She was a woman of rare sympathy, who used to say that one of the things which had been most instructive to her was "the biography of the irreligious."

It was in 1813 that Mrs. Fry was first aroused to the miserable condition of the female prisoners in Newgate. A great disaster had befallen her husband through his brother's rash speculations, and Mrs. Fry had to struggle with straitened means and with the care of her large family. She sent frequent gifts of clothing to the women, but it was not till the winter of 1816 that she began her systematic course of visitation in Newgate. She soon won the hearts of the women, established a school for their children, of which Mary Connor, a young woman in prison for stealing a watch, was appointed mistress. Mrs. Fry's dignified and stately appearance, her exquisite voice, and her constant and unruffled sweetness of expression, gave her peculiar influence over the degraded women of Newgate. The scenes which she witnessed when

she began her mission—the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes—almost baffled description. Gradually the little band of visitors began to cherish the hope not only of saving the children but of reclaiming the women. Mrs. Fry prepared some rules which they enthusiastically adopted. "Hell above ground" was literally transformed by the labors of herself and her band of workers. A minister who was present when Mrs. Fry read the fifty-third of Isaiah in Newgate said he had never heard any one read like her before, "the solemn reverence of her manner, the articulation so exquisitely modulated, so distinct that not a word of that sweet and touching voice could fail to be heard." Her whole mind and heart seemed absorbed in the words. The address which followed was short and simple but its description of the wonderful love of Christ manifestly went home. Mr. Taylor says he never listened to a speaker who had so thoroughly imbibed the Master's spirit, or had been taught by him the persuasive power of pleading with sinners for the life of their own souls. The record of Mrs. Fry's labors forms one of the brightest pages in the history of philanthropic service. In spite of predictions of certain failure she nobly persevered in her crusade against vice and misery. She won the co-operation of luke-warm officials, provided the manual work for which the idle hands were eager, "and presently transformed a filthy den of corruption into clean, whitewashed rooms, in which sat rows of women, recently so desperate and degraded, stitching and sewing, orderly and silent."

The story of her success at Newgate brought letters of inquiry from all parts of the country, so that Mrs. Fry became the counsellor and guide of earnest men and women in every part of England. She was able to introduce happy reforms into the method of transporting female convicts. She visited many parts of England and the Continent to inspect the prisons, and became quite a private chaplain to the crowned heads

of Europe. She was invited to meet Queen Charlotte at the Mansion House, where royalty paid its tribute "at the shrine of mercy and good works." In 1831 she visited Queen Adelaide and had also a pleasant interview with the Duchess of Kent and "her very pleasing daughter, the Princess Victoria." Amid all the love and applause which was showered upon her, Mrs. Fry's deep humility was peculiarly striking. As a Friends' minister she became strikingly useful. She had some strange experiences. Once she was summoned to the death-bed of a Norfolk squire, nearly related to her. "I am very glad," he said, "to see thee, Elizabeth, and shall be very glad to talk with thee, but thee must just wait till these have done." On the other side of the bed two cocks were fighting. Many a glimpse of by-gone England is gained as we turn over these pages.

The latter portion of Mr. Hare's book shows how death broke up the lovely circle. Mrs. Hoare, perhaps the most intellectual member of the sisterhood, died in 1836, at the age of fifty. Dr. Chalmers described her as "one of the finest specimens of feminine Christianity" he had ever met. The following spring Lady Harriet Gurney, the wife of Daniel Gurney, was taken from her large family of eleven little children. Mr. Buxton said, "I could not but feel that her coffin contained all that remained of as much beauty and true loveliness of mind, body, and spirit, as we ever saw removed from this world." In 1840 Fowell Buxton received a baronetcy in recognition of his noble work as a philanthropist. In a letter of congratulation to her sister, Mrs. Cunningham writes: "I have been laughing at the remembrance of those days when you lived in a cottage, and I used to save up all the sixpences and shillings I could scrape together for you." Fowell Buxton died in February, 1845, in perfect quietness and peace, and Mrs. Fry followed in October. Her health, as she used to say, had been "undermined by excessive love." In her last weeks of life she was all prayer. Even in sleep her heart seemed

lifted up to God. She lived continually in the sense of his presence. "What should I be without this?" she said, "I could not live. I must die or go out of my mind." She told her daughter Rachel:—

I can say one thing. Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how I might best serve my Lord.

Her niece, Priscilla Johnston, pays this tribute to her memory:—

After seeing her in some difficult works, my feeling was, marvellous as were her gifts, the real wonder was in her *Grace*, her extraordinary power of loving and caring for others; the flow of the oil which in almost all others is by drops, in her is a rich ready stream, able to take in the meanest, the most unattractive, the most unrepaying; her power of condescending to the little interests of others, combined with her greatness, her high natural powers of mind, and her magnitude of action.

She sleeps in the quiet Friends' burial place at Barking. Joseph John Gurney died at Earlham in January, 1847. His loss was felt as a public bereavement at Norwich. Every one had some story to tell of his goodness and benevolence. Catherine Gurney, the sister and mother of the family, died at Lowestoft in 1850. A few hours before the end she stretched herself forward, lifted her hands and clapped them together in an ecstasy. Her last words were, "I see Him *now!*" Samuel Gurney died in 1856, one of the merchant princes of England, beloved and honored of all. Lady Buxton reached the ripe old age of eighty-eight, then she faded heavenwards. Daniel, the last survivor of the family, lived till June, 1880. He kept his youthful spirit almost to the end of his days. The bankruptcy in which he was involved by his partners, scarcely caused him any personal suffering, as Lady Buxton allowed him £2,000 a year. When they were in extreme old age, she used laughingly to say, "The fact is, Dan, you're so young, you're no companion at all to me."

We have read these lovely volumes, and scanned the photographs scattered profusely through them, with continually deepening interest. John Ruskin says, in his "Art of England," "that, whatever its errors, whatever its backslidings, this century of ours has in its heart understood and fostered, more than any former one, the joys of family affection and of household piety. There is scarcely a more beautiful illustration of those words than we find in the Gurneys of Earlham. After the dark days of doubt and unrest they all found safe anchorage. Their lives were consecrated to the service of God and their fellows. Differences of opinion on religious matters never disturbed the harmony amongst them for a moment. They recognized that the supreme law of life is fidelity to conviction, and that the divine spirit will surely guide all who are willing to be led. Fathers and mothers, Christian teachers, and all true philanthropists lie under a great debt to Mr. Hare for these artless volumes, which allow us to enter the private history of one of the most charming families of Christians and philanthropists that even England has ever produced. The pathos of the story deepens as it closes. The Gurneys of Earlham lived noble lives, and even John Wesley, who gloried in the fact that his people died well, could scarcely have furnished such a series of death-bed triumphs in one family as we find in the closing pages of these exquisite records.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A VIRGINIAN SPORTSMAN.

Nobody ever quite knew what the Captain took his rank from, though that was a trifle in Virginia. It was said that at some remote period before the war he had navigated a *bateau* on the rapid waters of the Staunton River, and had carried tobacco and grain for the planters in days when railways were distant and highroads, as now, the worst in the Anglo-Saxon world. So though an expert

only in the handling of a punt-pole the Captain may be said in a sense to have been a member of the mercantile marine of his country. He had never in truth set eyes upon the ocean, nor had any desire that way; nor did he come of a people that were much given to going down to the sea in ships. In fact he would often tell us that he "had no use for so much water."

Four main roads met in front of the Captain's door, a circumstance which suited exactly his gregarious temperament. And they were roads indeed; roads such as only a Virginian would have faced upon wheels, or even calmly contemplated day after day as the Captain from the security of his front porch contemplated them. One of these red rutty tracks came toiling up from regions to the eastward wholly given over and sacred to tobacco; and if you had followed it on towards the sunset, and had not broken your neck or disappeared in a mud-hole, you would have found yourself eventually within sight of the Blue Ridge faintly outlined against the distant sky. The other came from countries lying to the northward that had seen much better days, and after passing the Captain's house shot off in a straight line, regardless of obstacles for the frontier of North Carolina which was barely a dozen miles away. In fact the Captain, who was born just here at the forks of the old Bethel and Shuckburgh pikes, had, as you may say, a narrow escape of being born a North Carolinian, and that would not have done at all. For everybody, in Virginia at any rate, knows that when a North Carolinian boasts of hailing from the Old North State he takes very good care to add if he can conscientiously do so, "but right close to the Virginia line." It is ill guessing what the Captain would have done if he had been born a North Carolinian, for he was a most ardent patriot, and a patriot in Virginia in those days meant a patriotic Virginian,—which is a highly intelligible sentiment. It is possible that the bosom of a North Carolinian may also swell at the thought of his mother

State; but the sentiment would be one that a dispassionate observer would find no small difficulty in sympathizing with.

The Captain had a strange domicile; he lived in the shell of an old coaching inn, and a very famous hostelry it had been in its day. First, however, came the railroads, and then the war with its chaotic ruin finally extinguished every spark of its ancient glory. For twenty years it had been slowly rotting, plank by plank, shingle by shingle. The Captain, however, reckoned it would last his time and would hardly anticipate nature by falling in upon him bodily. A rough board at the corner of the fence carried an inscription, rudely traced in lamp black, to the effect that the weary traveller could still get accommodation for man and horse; while upon the next panel was inscribed in still larger letters the much less hospitable notification, *No hunting or fishing here*. Such, it may be remarked, was the local and legal fashion of proclaiming that the proprietor was a game preserver; but of this anon.

As for the house, it was a rambling and now crazy edifice of wood from which every vestige of paint had long since faded. The main central portion still stood fairly upright, but the two wings lurched away on either side as if threatening to part company altogether with the parent stem. Long galleries ran around the outside of the queer structure both in the upper and lower stories, and helped, no doubt, to bind it together and prolong its precarious existence. Moss had taken hold of the twisting shingles of the roof. The tin gutter-pipes had shaken loose, and swung in strips from the eaves. There was hardly a pane of glass in the whole building except in the two or three rooms occupied by the Captain and his rare guests; and even there strips of the local newspaper did duty for many a vanished pane. Such of the Venetian shutters as survived swung loose, often upon only a single hinge, and with the dangling gutter-pipes made such an

uproar on a windy night, that an abode which was ghostly enough by day was truly terrifying in a midnight storm. The Captain, however, cared for none of these things. The decay amidst which he lived never caused him, we will venture to say, even a passing pang. The very extent of the dilapidations paralyzed perhaps any feeble spark of energy he may have possessed; and he lived as jollily as the proverbial sandboy amid his ruins. For there were rows of barns and stables in the oak grove behind the house, some of which had collapsed, the logs lying in a heap as they had fallen, while others leaned over at an angle that would have been impossible but for the heavy props that the Captain and his negroes had been absolutely forced to put up in self-defence. And this was necessary, for besides the pair of mules the estate still boasted of, an occasional traveller of the humbler kind from time to time sought the hospitality of the dilapidated tavern. The Captain, like every good Virginian, was greatly given to reminiscences, and his favorite theme was the animated splendor of the Plummer House in the old days when his father owned it. A somewhat notable rendezvous it had, in truth, once been, as was natural, seeing that it stood in the angle where the old highway from the Carolinas to the north crossed the route along which the planters from the regions lying eastwards used to travel in some rustic state towards the fashionable spas in the Virginia Mountains. Family coaches, dragged through the dust or mud by sleek horses and piloted by negro coachmen, were almost daily visitors in those halcyon times throughout the summer season; while gay young dandies on well-bred nags rode in and out of the shady yard by the score, drank juleps on the verandah, or flirted and danced in the now lonely rooms with the fair members of first families who happened to be at that stage of their annual pilgrimage to the healing waters of the Alleghany Valleys. Never, perhaps, has highway tavern had a greater fall. The tobacco-

wagon, plunging and crashing onwards to the still distant market-town, is nowadays almost the only vehicle that ever pulls up before the deserted inn, and even the wagon-drivers in these hard times bring usually their own rations and camp, if benighted, on the patch of turf under the old chestnut-tree at the crossroads. Still the Captain, who is gregarious and has long outlived financial ambition, gets some satisfaction, at any rate, out of their society. And sometimes a casual horseman, unduly reckless of his pocket and still more regardless of his inner man, would stay and face that nightmare of fat pork, soda-biscuit, and black coffee which the Captain's wife provided in exchange for a twenty-five cent piece.

Though the Captain would have registered himself as a hotel-keeper, as a matter of fact he was first and chiefly a turkey-hunter, and to support this inexpensive profession he owned, fortunately, about two hundred acres of land. Though the latter were perhaps as poor as any two hundred acres in Virginia, which is saying much indeed, the Captain's wants were so few and slight that when he had paid his taxes (amounting perhaps to some fifteen dollars), dull care may be said to have been wholly lifted from the establishment till the next visit of the tax-gatherer. The farm was cultivated in irregular and spasmodic fashion by a couple of negroes who worked it on shares, using the Captain's mules and giving their landlord half the tobacco, two-thirds of the corn, and three-fourths of the wheat and oats. In a dry year the whole lot of it could, we think, have been put into a wagon and drawn to market by a pair of stout horses even over the Shuckburgh pike. Only a portion of the estate would any longer produce even such skeleton crops as the Captain's negroes raised. The rest lay sick unto death with a sterility such as in any other countries known to man would be absolutely inconceivable where soil existed at all. Scrub pines and briars and sassafras and broomsedge had

covered the corpse of most of the Captain's property in their not unkindly grasp; and for the rest it was a moot question whether they or the homestead would give out first. Even Uncle Moses and Jake Plummer (Jake had belonged in the days of slavery to the Captain) had begun to complain, and think that the residential advantages of their master's property were almost too dearly purchased. But the Captain troubled himself little about such things. For him the year had two seasons only: the one when it was possible to shoot, and the other when it was not. In the former few men were more active; during the latter, including, of course, the spring and summer, none probably ever took their ease with more unswerving deliberation. For every morning after breakfast, when it was not raining, the Captain carried his chair down from the rickety porch and set it against the rough trunk of a shady acacia-tree, and as the shadow moved round with the sun the Captain moved his chair round with it. So that while the morning found him with his eye upon the lower road, the evening found that watchful orb surveying the approach from the Piedmont country. This was not so much for possible customers, who might or might not share the Captain's midday meal, for that great man was not in the least degree mercenary, but for such as might haply prove sociable and responsive to his urgent appeal to "get down and chat him some."

The Captain's notice that his place was forbidden to casual gunners has been alluded to. It may seem strange that such an ardent sportsman, who hunted the entire country for some miles round, should have been so churlish about his own little domain of two hundred acres. But the danger-signal on the fence was not hoisted for the benefit of the Captain's neighbors, who were rarely sportsmen, being small farmers mostly with large farms (if the seeming paradox be admissible), but against that type of humanity which our friend designated as "them

city fellahs," and for whom he was accustomed with great warmth and frequency to declare he had "no manner of use." In former days the few gentry who lived in that neighborhood had been wont to shoot partridges and rabbits in friendly unchallenged fashion over each other's and their humbler neighbors' land; but since the great upheaval social centres had wholly changed. What wealth and leisure existed was now in the towns, and it was from there that the gunners chiefly came. "Gawd knows who they are," the Captain used to say, as he sent a charge of tobacco juice at a sitting grasshopper, "or whar they come from, a-whirlin' over the country as if it belonged to 'em with ther brichloaders and neepaty, napity¹ dawgs, and fancy coats, and pants, and fixins. No, surr, I reckon no city chap'll fire a gun off for a right smart ways up and down this yer pike. I've fixed that, anyway." And so he had, for the danger-signal was upon every farm, though not against the Captain, for five miles round. Not being a "city fellah," we had no cause ourselves to complain of this; and indeed we often shot with the Captain's party, though never, if it could possibly be helped, upon the same beat with that great man himself, for he was not a pleasant companion after the partridges ("bird hunt'n," he would have called it), nor were his dogs shining examples to a young and heady setter in whose future you might feel an interest. He regarded you on such occasions rather as an opponent than a partner; and his great object was to bring down every bird wherever it might happen to rise, before you could pull on it, and so being in a position to boast of what he called "beating the crowd" when the game was counted out at the end of the day. As the Captain was only a very moderate performer at this work it resulted in his eye being wiped not seldom; and this

¹ This was, we believe, an entirely original phrase of the Captain's, inspired by an occasional glimpse of the dainty, well-groomed Laverack setters that had been recently introduced into the country.

he took so very much to heart that it was almost as distracting (for we had a great personal regard for the Captain) as having him cut down your birds as they rose in front of you or even upon your off side. We can see him now, in his big straw hat and flapping tail-coat, bustling up to the setting dog with elbows out, his gun at the ready, and an almost fierce expression of rivalry in his eye and general demeanor. His dogs would certainly not have been accused of being "neepaty, napity," for they were lumbering, poking brutes nearly as big as donkeys, with much more intelligence and nose than speed, till you unhaply knocked over a bird within range of their immediate vision, when they were fast enough in all conscience, and you would be fortunate indeed if you got there in time to save a wing-feather. The Captain had a gun, too, that was something worse than a curiosity. It may be unnecessary, perhaps, to remark that it was a muzzle-loader, but its ancient stock was a masterpiece of splicing and riveting; the barrels were worn as thin as a sixpence, and though they had so far withstood the Captain's "loads," as he called them, the nipples were accustomed upon occasions to blow off with a great sound, burying themselves in tree trunks or vanishing into space. This seemed in no way to disconcert the Captain himself; but it made his friends feel that it was almost as dangerous to be behind as in front of him. It was for every reason a good thing, when you arranged a day over the Captain's preserves, to make up a party of four, taking your own friend and your own dogs over one line of country, while the Captain and some third party, who either did not know him or was used to him, took another. And the spirit of rivalry was always strong enough to make this eminent sportsman accede most readily to such a plan. For not only was his method of shooting irksome and his gun dangerous in a mechanical sense, but his principles as regards safety of firing were hopelessly distorted. These latter, we recollect, were illustrated most forcibly upon a

rather unfortunate occasion. A Canadian sportsman of some repute had come down to the district for the best fortnight of the partridge-shooting, and we had included in our programme a day over the Captain's preserves. A party of four was as usual arranged, and it was easily contrived that we should separate, ourselves with the Canadian taking one beat and the Captain with his friend taking the other. We had a big stubble field, however, to traverse upon this occasion before the company separated, and in it a covey of birds was flushed wild, owing to the jealousies of our various dogs. Beyond the Captain at the extreme right of our line was his friend (not ours, thank goodness), and he had taken advantage of the brief halt to put his foot up on a fence, his back being towards us, for the purpose of adjusting a boot-lace. A lagging bird in the mean time rose before the Captain, and swinging to the right flew straight for the gentleman in question, who being about seventy to eighty yards off, neither saw nor heard it. The Captain, however, levelled his cannon with the greatest deliberation and fired. Down came the bird, and up sprang his friend with imprecations loud and deep, it is true, but not a whit too strong for the occasion, for he had received most of the half-spent charge in his person. "It's all right, squire" (the victim was a magistrate), sung out the Captain cheerily as he began calmly re-loading his gun; "I saw you had your back turned towards me." It was fortunate for all parties that our paths here diverged. The story is, we believe, still told in Canada as an illustration of what to expect at a Virginian shooting-party.

It was at turkey-hunting, however, that the Captain really shone. At game-shooting he was a zealous but, as will probably be understood, a not very satisfactory performer; but at turkeys he was really great. The wild turkey, that noblest of woodland birds and wariest of feathered fowl, shows over a large part of Virginia few signs of extinction. So long indeed as the tall

primeval forests, dense pine woods, and abandoned fields cover so large a portion of the country as they now do, the turkey will successfully defy the efforts of the few hunters who are sufficiently skilled in the art to menace his existence. For the Captain's friend, the city fellah, would never cause a single feather of that proud bird's to tremble; while as for the average sportsman, who has anything to do at all besides shoot, life is generally voted too short for a pursuit that consists wholly of woodcraft, contains so many certain blanks, and in which marksmanship plays so small a part. But for the Captain life was not too short for what was in fact its principal object. Partridge-shooting was only a secondary matter with him as he, indeed, was in that art but a secondary performer.

It was when the first sharp frosts of October had fired the woods with the gorgeous splendor of decay that the Captain began to stir himself after his long siesta, and fetch down from over the mantle-shelf not only the double-barrelled fowling-piece already noticed, but the long Kentucky rifle that had belonged to his father and that he still used for squirrels and, upon certain occasions, for the noble turkey himself. His crops were housed, such as they were; his tobacco was being "fired" in the barn, such as it was, and coming out all the colors of the rainbow; and Jake and Uncle Moses for the fifth or sixth year in succession were vowing that they would quit farming. And it was at this season that the young broods of turkeys, who roamed the woodlands or picked their way stealthily through the rushy fields, became lawful prey under the game-laws of Virginia to those who, in the local vernacular, could succeed in "catching up with them." These flocks, or gangs, numbered as a rule from eight to fourteen birds, and by this time had grown to be nearly the size of the highly educated old veterans, their parents, who watched over their wanderings. In every great stretch of woodland, or where continuous belts of

timber touched or almost touched each other, there one brood at least would be found ranging, always within certain more or less definite limits. Wherever, too, a mountain spur threw its wooded crest a few hundred feet above the low ground, it would be almost certainly frequented by a brood of the stately timorous birds.

The Captain had by instinct and experience a very accurate notion each season where to find the various gangs. But in addition to this, not a farmer, nor even a negro, passed along the high-road in August and September who was not ready to place the results of his local observations at the service of the "popular landlord of the Plummer House" as the county papers, when in a serio-comic vein, were accustomed to speak of our friend. For ourselves, though we made a point of having two or three excursions of this kind every year with the Captain, we could not boast of having even the most elementary proficiency in the art. Life, as we have said, seemed too short, and such measure of skill as we possessed in stopping the rapid twisting partridge of Virginia would have been entirely thrown away in hunting the turkey. For when that noble bird could be induced to present you with a shot, it was usually a sitting one; and even when otherwise, the old familiar metaphor of a flying haystack was in such case almost literally applicable. But the essence of the mystery lay in securing the shot; and we are free to confess that, save when under the wing of the Captain and the shadow of his blunderbuss, the elusive tactics of the king of forest-birds were too many for us.

The chief and vital accomplishment, without which you could not hope to be a turkey-hunter at all, was that of imitating the call of the wily keen-eared bird. This sounds simple enough; but as a matter of fact it was about as difficult, or seemed to us so, as learning the violin, and not nearly so useful for general purposes. The implement used for this nice deception was usually the wing-bone of the turkey itself, which

seems surely the very refinement of guile. It was by no means difficult with a little practice to imitate the *tuk! tuk!* of your intended victim entirely to your own satisfaction, and to that perhaps of some inexperienced friends; but if you could not convince the turkey to an absolute certainty that you were one of his relatives, or should he suspect for a moment that there was treachery in the note, you might just as well, so far as getting a shot was concerned, have fired off both barrels at once into the air; even better, for sometimes a great alarm, such as the rush of a barking dog towards a flock, will act upon it in a paralyzing or stupefying fashion. Indeed, many turkey-hunters, the Captain included, kept a small dog trained to run in and bark after the shot for the purpose of scattering the birds. The Captain's "tuckey-dawg," as he called it, was a singular looking animal, being what was generally known in Virginia as a "fyce," and the term, which, we think, is Elizabethan English, was applied in the South to every species of small dog indiscriminately. The Captain's fyce was of a yellow shade, with the head of a fox, the curly tail of a squirrel, and the legs of a turnspit. He would, in short, have been locally described as "a bench-legged fyce." His chief mission was to tree squirrels, and to bark up the trunk till the Captain with his long small-bore Kentucky rifle arrived upon the scene. For this great sportsman took sometimes what he called "a spell of squ'rl hunt'n'," the large grey squirrel being a popular luxury on the tables of the Virginia country folk.

We used to start generally about sunrise on those glorious autumn mornings. So far as our own feelings were concerned there was none of the gravity and responsibility of a campaign against the partridges. We were out to enjoy ourselves in an irresponsible fashion, to revel in the gorgeous coloring of the woodlands, to drink in the fresh, balmy, restuous air of early autumn, and take any bit of luck that came with thankfulness. But the Cap-

tain, we need not say, was very serious indeed on such occasions. We can see him now climbing stealthily up the broken surface of the rudely cultivated or abandoned fields that stretched up to the edge of the forests clothing the ridge and summit of the mountain, his keen and experienced eye searching everywhere for some faint print on the red clay or black loam that tells of the recent wanderings of the gang and the direction in which their footsteps have been bent. It is not, however, till we enter the forest above the highest line of cultivation that the time arrives for absolute silence and the extremity of caution. There is up here little underbrush or covert in which birds might be taken unawares, for the tall grey trunks of chestnut, oak, and poplar shoot up from a smooth carpet of dead leaves, while far above our heads, broken here and there with patches of bright blue sky, hangs the now motionless canopy of leaves, one gorgeous blaze of scarlet and gold. Slowly and cautiously, about a hundred yards apart, we steal along between the tree-trunks, up the long ridge of the mountain which, dipping slightly here and there in its ascent, gives a possible chance of coming unawares upon the turkeys in some hollow or beneath some ridge. The Captain has his celebrated gun loaded with heaven knows what, for to-day he carries his shot in a medicine-bottle and his powder in a mustard-tin, the well-worn flasks, as very often happens, being laid up for repairs; and the fyce dog, with its bushy tail curled over its back, prowls along behind him.

We are already very high up in the world, and the silence of the Indian summer in these lofty forests is intense. The bark of a squirrel, or the hoarse call of a crow, seems to make the whole air tremble. Far away below us lies the many-colored rolling plain of old Virginia, basking in the sun with its red fallows and now golden forests and dark splashes of pine wood. The white gleam of a homestead shows here and there, while a score of scattered smoke-wreaths mark the site of tobacco-barns where the newly gathered leaves are

slowly curing. A faint grey outline rolls along the western horizon; it is the Blue Ridge, the first outwork of the Alleghanies. The song of a ploughman, the bark of a dog, the thud of an axe come up faintly from far below us; but where we are walking the mere snapping of a twig makes a noise like a pistol and has at all hazards to be avoided if we would hope to keep on good terms with the Captain and catch, perchance, the wary turkey napping below yonder ridge. There is little other game or even bird-life in these silent altitudes. The woodpecker taps as if he revelled in the noise he made; the grey squirrel, safe to-day at any rate from the Captain, leaps from tree to tree or scuttles up the hoary trunks; Brer Rabbit (for this, it must be remembered, is the land of Uncle Remus) is much too sociable to mount so high above civilization, though his old friend, the fox, now and again on these occasions steals across one's vision. It is just possible too that a brood of rusted grouse, rare though the bird is east of the Alleghanies, and almost as shy as the turkey itself, might haunt these wooded hilltops. But should one of these grand birds, by some strange freak, get up under the very muzzle of your gun, refrain, as you value the Captain's alliance, from yielding to temptation; for so far as turkeys are concerned, a shot in these silent, echoing woods would most certainly ruin everything for the day, or at least for the morning. It is well too to keep an eye upon the leaves over which you are carefully treading. For the Captain at any rate would notice in a moment the slightest disturbance of their surface, and can tell at once whether it is the work of turkeys, and almost estimate the length of time it is since they were scratching among them.

Suddenly from just beyond the ridge, a hundred yards or so to the left, a sound like an explosion of dynamite seems to shake the whole mountain. The Captain has fired off his gun, and he never fires at anything less than a turkey on these occasions. A hasty flank movement of a few yards brings

us in view of the situation, and a sound as of heavy wings flapping follows the concussion of the shot. The fyce dog, with tail well curled over his back, is charging along and yelping in a state of great excitement. The Captain is reloading his piece from the medicine-bottle and the mustard-tin, with a sheet of the county paper for wadding; it is perhaps needless to remark that his left barrel remains at full cock during the operation.

The whole gang have risen, it appears, at long range from behind some old panels of a boundary fence. The Captain fired, it seems, with a view to scatter the birds, though he declares he crippled one. It may be added that he has never yet been known to admit missing anything clean; and indeed "the Captain's cripples" have passed as an expression into the local phraseology.

And now comes the really serious part of the whole day's proceedings. The birds are thought to have been at any rate partially scattered, thanks to the noisy efforts of the bench-legged fyce, well supported by the Captain's artillery, and also to the fact of their having been taken unawares. It now only remains to select a favorable position upon the ridge where we can both shelter ourselves from view and at the same time command all the likely approaches. A great chestnut trunk, fallen prone and dead these three or four years, favors our design and offers an excellent ambuscade; sitting down behind it we possess our souls in patience for a time and discuss the situation in a low tone. Then in the fulness of time the Captain prepares to play upon his little pipe, and with lips compressed and cheeks distended the performance commences. *Tuk, tuk, tuk, tuktuk!* But the only answer comes from some solitary hoarse-voiced crow, or the *rat-tat-tat* of a woodpecker; and in the pauses between the Captain's efforts the silence is only broken by the dropping of acorns and chestnuts round us or the light scrape of a squirrel on the leaves. It may be a long time before our com-

panion's industrious and careful piping is rewarded, or it may indeed be, as the song says, forever. In this case, however, response comes at last to proclaim that one, at any rate, of the scattered birds is moving on the slope of the mountain below us.

Now the exciting period begins; we cease to speak even in whispers; the fyce dog lies low and, cocking his short ears, watches wistfully the rugged hairy face of his master, which is certainly something of a study, as he holds treacherous converse with his unsuspecting victim. These, as may be imagined, are far the most serious moments of the Captain's life. A false note might mean ruin, and it is evident from the answers that another bird has now joined the first one; we no longer dare show our noses even above the log, and can judge of the bird's approach only by their answering notes. In ten minutes or so the *tuk, tuk*, gets very near; the birds must be almost within shot. The Captain's veins fairly swell, and the perspiration stands out on his forehead with the responsibility of piping correctly at so short a distance. We can now hear their feet actually treading on the dry leaves, and it occurs to us how disastrous were a sneeze at this moment. The turkeys are now beyond a doubt within easy shot. The Captain is to give the signal for action, and he grasps firmly his big gun, with five drachms of powder in each barrel if there's a grain this time, we'll warrant. It is not a pleasant gun to be at close quarters with, and for our own part we do not like it. "Now!" says the chief, and at the word we both spring into a kneeling position above the log. A couple of big gobblers fill our horizon. They have just time to lift their heavy wings. The Captain does not take our bird this time; it is too serious an occasion; and we fire simultaneously.

We have a feeling that the drum of our ear is broken, and our head sings like a tea-kettle. A cloud of smoke hangs like a pall over everything for a second or two, for the Captain not only uses black powder in such large doses,

but buys it at the country store. Both birds are dead of course; nothing but the equivalent of "buck fever," and we are neither of us likely to suffer from that, could produce any other result. The Captain has fallen back on his elbow for the moment; most people would be flat on their back from such a shock. "Dorgonne it, that ar blamed nipple has blowed off again!" And so it had. Still no one is hurt, except the turkeys, and we go home rejoicing under the weight of our somewhat heavy spoils; while we seriously turn over in our mind whether it would not be worth while for the Captain's friends to raise a fund among themselves for providing him with a gun that would stand his "loads," and be less of a trial to his shooting-partners.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHATEAU-HUNTING IN FRANCE.

We have been very lucky in the houses we had taken in three successive summers, but this time we wanted something more serious than a residence for the sunny months.

Our first "villégiature" in France we had spent by the Lake of Annecy, and we thought we should never again find anything so beautiful as the site of our chalet, standing on the water-side on a slope of the Alps. It was a summer of golden memories, some of which have been recorded in "Maga," for our nearest neighbor was M. Taine, whose surviving family contains some of our dearest friends. Last year we spent a few quiet days at Boringe, where everything in the lovely old place reminds one of the master who rests within sight of his pleasant home.

The next year found us in the opposite corner of France, at the mouth of the Gironde, in the Charente Inférieure, where the Princesse de Z., the mother of one of my Parisian friends, lent us an ideal place for that hot summer of the elections (the French elections, I mean); for we were surrounded on three sides by the sea, and while the vintage

in the Médoc across the estuary was ripe a month before its time, we always had a cool breeze, which came up from the Atlantic beyond the Cordouan lighthouse celebrated by Michelet.

It was the following year that we discovered the most delightful of all our summer retreats. The mountains attracted us back to Savoy, but this time to a region more smiling than that of our little Lake of Annecy. The Lake of Geneva is often associated with noisy steamers and electric tramways, and all the vulgarities which have spoilt its beauty up by Vevey and Chillon. But Leman is big, and there are corners on the French side undiscovered by British and Yankee tourists. There is one bay quite neglected by "means of communication." To get to the railway a delicious mountain drive is necessary, and only two slow steamboats a day disturb its tranquillity. There we found the most picturesque house possible to imagine, standing in its own little park, which sloped down to the lake. It belonged to the descendant of a brave soldier, who was put to death at the Second Restoration, about the same time as Marshal Ney (who was also connected with our landlord), and the villa was full of souvenirs of the Empire. There was a fine old château, full of kind people, less than a mile from us, and the walk to it among the woods at the edge of the lake was a dream of beauty.

If the Chablais had only been blessed with a climate tolerable in winter, I think we should have become the owners of that little corner of the earth, with its great trees and its Napoleonic relics.

It was, however, a house which we could inhabit both summer and winter that we wanted now to hear of. The lease was up of our Paris home; to take a fresh one would probably mean spending the rest of our days in that pleasant city, most difficult to quit, and we wished to return to our native land as soon as my husband's work was finished. Our best plan seemed, therefore, to find a comfortable château, not too isolated, where a year's uninter-

rupted writing could be accomplished under circumstances wholesome and agreeable for the little members of our family. We had no illusions about French châteaux. We had stayed in a good many, not only in the neighborhood of Paris, where the greatest *luxe* prevails, and in well-known regions like Burgundy and Brittany, where many of the owners of the big houses are Parisians, but also in remote departments like the Aveyron, the Aude, and the Landes, where country gentlemen, however high-sounding their names and titles, often live all the year round, excepting for a month or two in the winter, when they go for the season to Toulouse, Bordeaux, or some other provincial capital.

We therefore had a good general idea of what inhabited country-houses were like, and did not begin our search with any preconceived English ideas, except, perhaps, that derived from the fact that in England it is the practice to let to strangers, for moderate rents, houses appointed as luxuriously as when they are occupied by their owners.

We commenced our inquiries among our château-owning friends. They, as a rule, declared that nothing could be easier than to find what we wanted; but though they knew of many châteaux for sale in their neighborhoods, they had heard of none to let, and they advised us to consult an agency. We had, however, had experience of agencies. The previous year an agent sent us some photographs of one of the most imposing donjons that was ever reared. The description was even more attractive than the view, as majestic towers are not always adapted for the needs of modern life, and it related that besides the *salle des gardes* and other stately apartments of a romantic age, there was a wing added under the First Empire. The name of this castle was as noble as that of its owner. The polite agent said that M. le Comte was not able to leave either plate or linen. We regretted the latter, as the linen-chests of châteaux often contain treasures unknown to English

households; but as for the *argenterie*, it seemed natural that the worthy gentleman should not like to intrust to strangers heirlooms perhaps rescued from the Revolution. The country, we knew, was lovely, not far from Avallon and Semur, and as we knew the owners of Bourbilly, we thought the neighborhood might be pleasant for a short sojourn, so one day off we set by trains that went fast as long as we stuck to the main line of the P. L. M., and crawled when we branched away from it. At last, when the shadows were growing long, we espied, on a wooded bank above a river, our donjon, and we descended at the little station with enthusiasm, for the scenery was perfectly beautiful. A sad-looking notary emerged from another part of the train. He had arranged to meet us, and seemed to discourage our admiration as we pointed to the battlements rising above the trees while we toiled up the bank. He asked us if we had thoughts of buying the property, if we were taking it for the *chasse*, or had we the intention to cultivate. The declivities of the ground hid the tower from our sight till we came to a high wall pierced by a gate green with moss. The notary made muscular efforts to turn in a rusty lock a great key he produced; the gate creaked, opened, and revealed a courtyard thickly planted with the most gigantic nettles I have ever seen. The notary remarked that money would have to be laid out to make straight the approach to the castle. We entered it; but there is no need to describe the interior of this squalid ruin. It is sufficient to say that it was in worse condition than if it had never been occupied since the Revolution, for beds, which had been slept in during the *chasse* of the year before, had never been made; and when the notary unearthed a bottle of wine, it was difficult to taste its sourness, as the owner had not only carried off his silver flagons, but the cheap glass he had left in their place was disabled.

We were therefore sceptical about agencies, and not more fruitful was the alternative suggestion to advertise in

the *Figaro*, when we were assured we should be embarrassed with the choice of residences offered to us. We did advertise; we gave no limit of rent; we made no restriction as to locality, excepting that a picturesque site was asked for not too far from a country town,—and we received five replies. Three of them were from agencies, making the usual offers; one was from the owner of a villa at Biarritz; and one from the owner of a château, who has advertised it vainly for several years, and all the disadvantages of which were familiar to us.

We were beginning to think that it is not the practice for French people to let their country-houses, unless they are uninhabitable, when one night, in the salon of Madame de X., we met the Bishop of St. Médard. Monseigneur A. has a quality—very rare nowadays in a French prelate—he is “très mondain,” and no one is in greater request to pronounce the nuptial benediction in all the fashionable churches of Paris, from St. Thomas d’Aquin to St. Pierre de Chaillot. He even accepts invitations to dinner and to evening parties, on condition that a hint is given about the “décolletage” of our frocks; and when, as his Grandeur was sipping his coffee, I told him of our needs, he replied at once, “J’ai votre affaire, madame. You shall come and live in my diocese, and you will never regret it.” Three mornings later, before we were up, a ring at the bell disturbed the valets de chambre preparing to *frotter* the parquet, and the card was brought to me of the “Vicomtesse Aimery de Bois de Vincennes.” A lean lady of severe aspect, “tout de noir vêtue,” announced that she came on the part of monseigneur, and that she had exactly the château which we required. With great method she rapped out its charms, and we afterwards heard it was quite a nice place. There was one little difficulty: it was seventeen kilometres from the nearest town, and ten from the railway. The noble dame did not regard this remoteness as a disqualification. She bade us take a train that very night for a station at which we

should arrive at four in the morning. We could revive ourselves with coffee while a rural vehicle was being prepared, and after seeing the château, we could, by spending another eight hours in the train, get back to Paris to sign the lease before dinner.

The ways of this diocese seemed too fatiguing, and then we remembered a charming neighborhood where we had paid some visits last year. In one of the biggest and pleasantest châteaux in central France, on the borders of the Charolais, we had already been talking of our project of taking a place, and our host had mentioned a beautiful property, twenty-five kilometres away in the Morvan, which stood empty from one year's end to the other. It belonged to the Duchesse de B., and her husband being the head of one of those families, not uncommon in the French *noblesse*, which for generations have married heiresses, had already more houses than he could live in, but had the French prejudice about letting. The duke had just died, and we heard that Madame de B. would be quite glad to have us for tenants, so one sunny morning at the end of April we set out for Nevers, choosing that route with the idea of inquiring about other places in the direction of that pleasant little city on the Loire. There were one or two to let, but none within a dozen English miles of shops and trains, so we started off to the Morvan. It was warm spring weather in the Nivernais, but as we mounted the hills we got back into winter, and the trees and hedgerows were black and leafless long before we reached the château of Larochequipleure, perched on a high rampart of rocks, and conspicuous for miles around.

It was a fine old house, built two hundred years ago by Marshal de Villars on the site of a feudal fortress, and probably had we visited it a fortnight later when the woods were green, we should have become the co-tenants with the ghosts of the soldiers and ladies of the ancient regime whose portraits hung in the salon, for the site was superb; but the backwardness of

vegetation showed plainly that winter lasts for seven long months in the mountains of the Morvan. Five-and-twenty kilometres, the distance from the château of our friends in Saône-et-Loire, is nothing with a pair of fast horses on a long summer's day, but not to be enterprised lightly in the months that they used to call Nivôse and Pluviôse in these parts. For this corner of France is full of revolutionary tradition; we passed Décize that morning, the birthplace of St. Just, and the deputy whom this old *bourg* helps to send to the Palais Bourbon is an ex-communard and a native of the region. This accounted, perhaps, for the horrid anti-clerical prints with which the walls of the village inn were covered. The "régisseur" invited us to breakfast in the long-disused "salle-à-manger;" but we thought it would save him trouble and secure us a better meal if we descended to the "auberge," and its political decorations accounted for the reluctance of the respectable representative of Madame la Duchesse to let the possible occupants of the château frequent so undesirable a haunt.

It was a pleasant day that we spent in this mountainous corner of the Nièvre, leaving it with regret, and feeling that it would be a perfect residence for the summer months. The "linge de maison" was no myth in this château; it was worth the day's journey to see the tons of finest, whitest linen; the endless dozens of every conceivable article, all exquisitely marked with coronet and cipher, and stored away in a country-house that was not inhabited once in ten years.

We went down from the Morvan hills to Autun. It was my first visit there, but my husband had pleasant associations with the bright little city. Before my time he had spent charming hours in the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy with the bishop, the well-known Academician, whose cardinal's hat was so long delayed by the Republic, and with his brother the Abbé Charles Perrand, now dead, like his friends Henri Perreyve and Lacordaire. Monseigneur was in Paris at the centenary

of the Ecole Normale, so we had to content ourselves this time with an exterior view of the "évêché." That would have been the ideal place for us, a spacious country-house surrounded by a great garden, under the shadow of a cathedral, and at the gates of a pretty town where all the movement of French life can be studied. But we are always coveting official residences, which under no circumstances could ever be diverted from their official uses—the préfecture at Annecy, for example, with one of the most glorious views in the world from its windows.

The chancellor of the diocese had politely put us into communication with the notary of the Chapter, and we heard of every place to be let in the region. There was one which from a distance looked as if it would suit us—a long, low house standing in a well-timbered park sheltered by the mountains, with a railway-station hard by, Autun within an hour's drive, and the châteaux of several friends almost as near. Our experience there was repeated many a time before we had done our château-hunting. Close at hand the park proved to be unkempt meadows, extending to the windows, without any pretence of garden or flower-beds; the house was all façade, the rooms being of the dimensions of those in a cottage. When we arrived in the untidy stable-yard the "guardian" of the property, to whom the "authorization to visit" was addressed, said he could not read, and that his wife was in the same case; but as the château was still occupied, he would take the missive to his master. This turned out to be a young officer who had been married apparently about six months, and who, with his wife, was entertaining the curé at breakfast. They were all three rather large people, and they completely filled the *grand salon* into which we were introduced; and when we drove away, they even more tightly crowded the dining-room, where I am sure they would have liked to invite us to join them, if there had only been space.

If we could have moved down from the mountains the Louis XIV. château

and put it in the place of the imposture in the valley, we should have been quite content. Autun is such a nice place, and the people in the region are so pleasant, that we thought we would make one more attempt before quitting the country. There is a celebrated château on a high hill above the little city, which formerly belonged to a family famed in history. It has descended in the line female, and is rarely inhabited. The estate and the park are well looked after, but the house is said to be going to ruin for want of occupation. This is exactly the sort of place which in England an owner is delighted to let to a careful tenant who will keep it in airing and repair; and one morning before eight o'clock we received the visit of the *notaire* of the property at the comfortable old Hôtel de la Poste. How well they look after one sometimes at French provincial inns which are off the tourist track, and, excepting for their early habits, what agreeable and civilized men the family lawyers are in France! No doubt there are highly civilized lawyers in England too, but English people somehow seem to associate them always with battling dishonesty and other time-wasting evils, so that the solicitor inspires the same ungrateful feeling as the dentist, who also has to relieve us of dull impudent trouble which has nothing to do with our real lives; but this does not seem to be the position the French notary has in the hearts of his clients.

The Princesse de C.'s lawyer confirmed what we had heard, that the inheritors of Bois Dormant rarely came near the place, and, he declared, it would be of great advantage to the house to be inhabited; but, he added, there was one unsurmountable difficulty—the "régisseur." The good notary avowed that he himself had never been allowed to see the inside of the château; he promised to send a request to let us visit it, but warned us that the régisseur had the reputation of being the surliest man in Burgundy. It turned out as he said. We had a delightful drive, winding up a

wooded hill until below us lay stretched like a map all the country described by poor Mr. Hamerton (whom we knew so well) in "Round my House," during the bombardment of Autun by the Prussians; but the régisseur was waiting for us only to say that no one should ever set foot in the house. In this he showed his wisdom, as the agreeableness of being uncontrolled master of one of the greatest estates in France would no doubt be diminished by eviction from his fine quarters in the château. As we enjoyed the view from the terrace across the hospitable Charolais, recognizing many a familiar point in the landscape, which on a clear day is only bounded by Mont Blanc, we consoled ourselves by the reflection that Bois Dormant was slightly isolated for a winter residence. The park—in reality a great forest—is so vast that there is not a village, a farm, or scarcely a cottage, within five kilometres of the château.

We returned to Paris from our pleasant excursion with a feeling that all the year round places are difficult to find in France, when a few days later the noble owner of Azay le Rideau called to see me. He once had a highly distinguished tenant; but it was a distinction he did not wish to experience again, for Prince Frederick Charles and his companions in arms did not leave agreeable souvenirs in that marvel of the Renaissance which they occupied during the invasion in 1870.

The amiable "châtelain" of Azay warmly recommended us to install ourselves in Touraine, extolling the beauty of the country, and the pleasant life in that land of châteaux; and he told us how to get hold of the notaries in that region who were most likely to know of places to let.

The result of his directions was that the following week found us making a series of drives through the Balzac country. The first was to see a château of which we had heard in Paris. Its situation undoubtedly was beautiful, on a hill overlooking the parallel streams of the Cher and the Loire, with the Cathedral of Tours in the back-

ground of the landscape; but the interior arrangements gave the idea of a house stuffy in summer and chilly in winter. We were rather surprised, as it was once rented by some friends of ours who have one of the finest hotels in the quarter of the Champs Elysées, with air and space and light, which ought to be in greater abundance in the country than in the capital. How was it that people who insisted on every sumptuous luxury in Paris, should in Touraine put up with a rather mean habitation with which they had no association? The mystery was solved when we afterwards heard that their eldest son had been sent to Tours to do his military service, for there is nothing that the most *mondaine* of Parisian mothers will not endure to be near their offspring.

The same day we drove to a place we were sorely tempted to take. Divided by a dense wood from a picturesque village, which had seen no change since "Le Lys dans la Vallée" lived hard by, stood a lodge-gate of architecture giving promise of advanced civilization within. We were not disappointed. A handsome modern house, not unworthy of the neighborhood of the historical châteaux of the Loire, was quite eclipsed by the magnificence of the stables,—stables such as I have rarely seen in France, and to have lived up to them would have certainly ruined us had we taken Château Renard. Its site was superb, with a view across the valley of the two rivers over against Luynes. It had been built by a rich Tourangean, and his widow had retired to a convent, leaving a beautiful chapel as a memorial of her share in planning the château. For a summer residence it was delightfully arranged, and the lilacs in flower, the blue sky, and the singing of the birds made one feel that it would be good to rest here—till the turn of the leaf. But what of the winter, with Tours half a day's journey away, and the green woodland that lay between the park and the village a gloomy black forest? The interior, too, seemed better adapted for the daytime

of the year than for long winter evenings, as the necessity for doors to salons seemed not to have occurred to the architect, and airy portières are a chilly protection against the howling *bise*.

Another day we explored the country round about Chinon, with its memories of Joan of Arc. We had the engraving of a château within a drive of the birthplace of Rabelais, and as we approached it on a perfect May afternoon, with the nightingales singing their hearts out, it seemed as if we had at last found an ideal habitation, so much better than the picture was the graceful mass of turrets, pinnacles, and tracery that met our view as we crossed the rich meadows past the *pigeonnier* below the house. We had quitted the carriage to take a short cut, and after we had done admiring the fifteenth-century architecture, we noticed that there was no entrance visible. Before we had time to think of any learned reason why a house of this period should be built without a front door, we had wandered round the entire building without perceiving any means of ingress except a dingy-looking portal, evidently the "entrée de service." A careworn woman came forth from it and offered to show us the château. After passing by a diminutive kitchen, we entered a rude apartment, the furniture of which reminded me of the inventory of the goods of the Yonghey Bonghey Bô as sung by the favorite English poet of my sons, the late Mr. Edward Lear. We thought it was what in an English house would be the servants' hall, and its bareness showed the aversion French servants all have to take their meals outside the kitchen. "La salle-à-manger des domestiques?" my companion therefore blandly inquired. "La salle-à-manger principale: la seule salle-à-manger," was the severe answer. It must in justice be said that the whole mansion was furnished in strict harmony with the dining-room; but the most comfortable inventions of ancient and modern art could never have made it habitable, as all its countless rooms were of the dimensions of cells or cupboards. The

explanation, perhaps, was that it was built for the officers of the court in the days when Agnès Sorel had a château on the road to Chinon, when Charles VII. was in residence in the Plantagenet stronghold; and was therefore in those days simply a barrack, not used for entertaining, but erected at that happy epoch when everything that rose from the ground was beautiful in form. All the same, it was odd that its present owners should have taken so much pains to restore the deceptive façade.

If outlay of money could not have made habitable the picturesque quarters of the retinue of "La Dame de Beauté," that was not the case with the next château we visited. The people at Azay le Rideau had told us about it, and it is one of the finest Renaissance structures in Touraine, though Murray be ignorant of it, and Augustus Hare acknowledge it not. Even the pains-taking Joanne makes but brief mention of this splendid old pile on the Indre. Four massive towers, crowned with extinguisher-tops, led us to expect something rather impressive inside; but the majestic proportions of the *salle des gardes*, and the remarkable state of preservation of the ceiling, emblazoned with arms and names, were beyond all anticipation. It should be observed that this magnificent apartment, as fine as anything at Chenonceaux, and almost as vast as the great modern hall at Ferrières, met our astonished gaze in what was practically a half-inhabited farmhouse. It seems that at the Revolution it was sold as *biens nationaux*; it had never passed into the hands of wealthy people or been inhabited since as a château, and was now the property of a village notary, whose "belle-mère" occupied some of the rooms on the ground-floor, while the fine chambers on the second story were used as stores for the farm produce. There were one or two barely furnished bedrooms in the towers, with walls a couple of yards thick, and it was the practice of the owner to let them during the summer months, together with the *salle des gardes*, for a moderate sum to families of the *petite bourgeoisie*, who

came to spend the holidays with half-a dozen children and a "bonne-à-tout-faire." It was singularly incongruous the idea of these good people spending the nights sleeping five in a meanly furnished bedroom, and the days in a hall in which Diane de Poitiers might have banqueted. If we had been in search of a property to buy instead of to hire, it seemed to be a rare chance of acquiring a fine place in a lovely country, which would have needed comparatively little expenditure to make it a splendid habitation. Perhaps the river, which surrounded it almost like a moat, turning a picturesque mill, made it damp in winter, though Azay le Rideau, in a similar situation, is often inhabited by the family until after the New Year.

A remarkable contrast was the next house we inspected. It was a nice place at the gates of Tours, surrounded by what the French call a *parc clos de murs*, and the English "extensive grounds," and it must have been a most agreeable residence before the era of railways. Unfortunately the engineers who brought those destroyers of calm to Tours made an iron-bound island of this little estate; and the truthful notary who sent us there warned us that if we were constituted like him, our nerves would not survive the whistling a week. Moreover, the only approach to it from the town was through a grimy suburb, most unlike the capital of Touraine. It is indeed a city of contrasts. M. Ludovic Halévy has sometimes talked to me about his impressions there when it was the seat of government during the war, some of which he has recorded in his delightful volume, "L'Invasion." He was struck with the marvellous change from the tumult of the centre of the town, where troops were hurrying through and politicians clamoring to see Gambetta, to the stillness of the streets around the Cathedral, which were as tranquil as when Balzac described them. Revolutions and wars only last for a season, but railways and their disfigurements never disappear; and to-day, by the préfecture at Tours, if one turns in one

direction, in three minutes one is in the pious and discreet quarter frequented by canons, while the other leads one as quickly to the smoke and noise of a manufacturing faubourg.

We had not yet explored the north side of the Loire, so one May morning we drove towards Langeais. Above a gateway in a high park wall hung a rusty chain, and this being pulled caused a bell to give forth a sepulchral sound. A surprised gardener, after a long delay, let the carriage in, which toiled up through a tangled thicket of vegetation till it stopped before a handsome *perron*. The rooms were of fine proportion, yet the sunlight streaming in by the great windows, and the glorious prospect of river and valley, did not drive away a chilly feeling, which would have been more appropriate to a visit to a mausoleum on a November evening. Up-stairs there was a stately chamber with an old engraving on the wall representing the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, and on a "guéridon" stood a faded photograph, signed "Philippe Comte de Paris." In one corner was a bale of the *Gazette de France*, and while we were wondering why for months the wrappers of that respectable Royalist organ had not been broken, and why they had been brought to a bedroom, the gaunt wife of the gardener, pointing to the dust-laden baldaquin, croaked, "Le lit où Madame la Marquise est morte." Then we recognized the prevailing odor of disinfectant, and we understood the rows of medicine bottles on the parquet, and the unopened newspapers and all the rest. We fled from that haunted château down to the Loire, rolling towards Saumur beneath a sky of blue.

In the opposite direction we were sent another day to a property hidden among greenlands. It had not an inhabited air, and the owner, who looked more like an Irish landlord than a French proprietor, told us that, being solitary, he lived in a farm, desiring to let his manor-house, a word which describes more aptly than château the spacious building of unpretentious English style—though every rural residence from a

suburban villa to Chantilly is called a castle in France. We, moreover, noticed some English engravings, not of the kind collected in France—interiors of Windsor and views of York Minster—and it turned out that the mother of this lonely gentleman was the daughter of an Honorable and Reverend Prebendary of the Church of England, and first cousin to a noble lord who was a once famous Cabinet minister. She died in giving birth to her son, and he had never spoken a word of English. What was worthy of remark was that while he was closely connected with the British Peerage, he had not even a *particule* to his French name, and that being the owner of a big house and a nice estate, he did not call himself Marquis or Vicomte. Perhaps it was unconscious English pride that caused this rare self-restraint, as not one French *hobereau* in a hundred, even when his origin is humblest, refrains from decking himself with a title, whether he has the shadow of a right to it or not.

This place, like all the others we had seen in Touraine, seemed not a desirable winter residence, and that objection applies not only to the few which are to let, but to most of the inhabited country-houses. It is due to the fact that most of the *châtelains* who do not go to Paris have hotels for the coldest months in their provincial towns. The former owners of the property I have called Château Renard always thus migrated to Tours, at the St. Martin, to their hotel near the basilica dedicated to that saint. What M. Taine said of the "Ancien Régime" is true now that only the English and the Germans are content to spend the sad months of rain in the solitude of a castle.

Time fails to recount all our other expeditions. On one, eastward from Paris, in the direction of Champagne, a château we inspected had belonged to an ambassador now dead. It was a fine house, with a beautiful library worthy of its late owner; but the place was going to ruin from disuse, and even when in good repair it was said to be glacial in winter. We had heard that

the present proprietor little resembled his refined and distinguished father, but we were not prepared for the apparition that greeted us. We were told that he lived in a farm the life of a peasant; but French peasants are generally small creatures in blue blouses, while this was a bearded and booted giant, like the traditional pictures of ranchemen or South African Boers, with an undiplomatic voice of thunder.

Another tour of inspection we took on the north coast, not with any conviction that we should settle in that region; but I was tired of travelling far from my little sons, and before the tourist season Le Treport is a charming place for babes, when the fisher-people decorate their sails for the Fête-Dieu. Our most amusing incident in Normandy and Picardy was at a pretty place near Abbeville, where the owner had long wished for an English tenant, and to prove it showed us a printed catechism sent him by a London estate-agent, which he had answered with the aid of a well-known authoress. It was easy enough to reply to the questions about the trains and the drains, but when he was asked, "Is the country society in the neighborhood agreeable?" and "What are the nearest packs of hounds?" he felt some difficulty in describing the charms of the scattered and unsociable *petite noblesse de province*, and that a reference to the occasional *rallye-papier* of the officers at Amiens was scarcely adequate. The incident illustrates the difference of English and French ideas on country life.

But the summer was marching along, and we were as far from finding a château as when we commenced our hunting in early spring. Our friends continually said, "Why not settle in Seine-et-Marne or Seine-et-Oise? The country is lovely, and swarming with nice people; and if you are bored you can always run up to Paris, while for studying provincial life there is no difference between one neighborhood and another, except for the *patois* of the peasants." The last observation is, unfortunately, almost true, as a village

in the Brie is organized in exactly the same way as a village in Dauphiné or Guienne, so after some disdainful protests about the *banlieue de Paris*, we began to explore that radius.

Our first attempt was not promising. A "Moderate" politician of our acquaintance covets the seat of a Socialist deputy, and owns a local newspaper to further his campaign. He kindly offered to announce in it our wants, with the result that a perfectly lyrical description was forwarded to us of a château near the Forest of Montmorency. We did not fancy that side of Paris, though the neighborhood of an illustrious lady—almost the last of the second generation of the *Mater Regum*, whose tomb I have seen at Ajaccio—would have been agreeable. But even the proximity of St. Gratien did not justify the rent asked, eighteen thousand francs—over £700. The odd thing was that though this indicated a place of great pretension, no one knew its name, and it was not marked on the map. However, it was so near Paris that the day of M. Bourget's reception at the Academy, after M. de Vogüé had finished his peroration, there was time to fly to the Gare du Nord, visit the property, and return for dinner. On the way we decided that, however attractive the place, we would not be tempted by its luxurious comfort—and we were not. It was a dusty roadside villa in a rather pretty garden, and the whole property, including the shabby furniture, was not worth three years' rent. We concluded that the owner was a lunatic.

A day or two later I was enjoying the marvellous view over the Place de la Concorde from the balcony of the most finely situated town-house in the world, where the Prince de Talleyrand died, and Baroness de X., who has a special kindness for her country-women, for she was born in England, said she had found what we wanted not far from her own famous château. The next afternoon a carriage met us at a station on the Strasbourg line, and drove us to a perfectly charming place. A farmer-general of Louis XIV. had built on a

smaller scale what Fouquet reared at Vaux, and when in the next reign it was given to Madame de Pompadour, it was decorated within by the most famous artists of the period. It was then that Louis XV. had a chaussée laid down of fifty kilometres for the favorite to drive thence with ease to Versailles, and sometimes in our drives we come to a "carréfour Pompadour" to recall the history of that paved road, though we did not become the successors of *La belle Marquise*. The owner, the grandson of a celebrated regicide of the Convention, showed us all the beauties of the house, and of the great park stretching down to the Marne; but he wanted to sell and not to let, and our specious plea that the season for sales had passed for the year was belied a fortnight later when some of our own friends bought the place.

It was only an hour's drive from that pleasant spot, in an even more picturesque corner of the Brie, that we finally found a resting-place. The kind châtelaine, who had told us of the former, asked the wittiest member of the Académie Française to call to see me and sing the praises of a place, also within reach of her own stately domain, which we had originally heard of from an agent in the days when we mistrusted agencies, and despised the environs of Paris, and thus we became his nearest neighbors. We had lighted upon an ideal French home. The château, standing high in a finely timbered park, possesses within and without all the qualities that a country home ought to have—beauty, spaciousness, and comfort. It was built in the closing days of Louis XIII., and is a perfect specimen of the epoch. Madame de Sévigné saw its completion when, as Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, she came here from Bourbilly and spent the last years of her girlhood in the village. More than a century later, a letter-writer of a very different school, Diderot, dated much of his correspondence with Mlle. Voland from the château in the valley below, and some of his most embarrassing anecdotes refer to the then occupants of this place.

Our curé is an authority in architecture and in title-deeds, and he tells us that in those days the Chapter of Paris (although the parish is no longer in the archdiocese) were the seigneurs, and a curious ecclesiastical usage has survived revolutions and republics. The Chapter presented to the church a fragment of the true cross, so the "exaltation de la Sainte Croix" became the village fête, and on Holy Cross Day, as the occupiers of the château, we had to give up a green outside the *grille d'honneur* for a noisy fair, which lasted a fortnight. M. le Curé in one respect fails in his duty. As he is approaching a venerable age, having been born under the Restoration, he ought, in compliment to his most brilliant parishioner, to cultivate the long white locks of l'Abbé Constantin; but being well preserved and solid, he bears no resemblance whatever to Madeleine Lemaire's portraits of that worthy priest.

Between the humors of every-day life and the distant history of the past, there is a period foremost in the thoughts of all French men and women. From the terrace of the château there is a glorious view over the Marne, finer than that of the Seine from St. Germain. The old trees of the park luckily hide the disgraceful Tour Eiffel, and the only monument of Paris visible from the windows is the Sacré Cœur of Montmartre. But the valley, so populous and peaceful, that lies between us and the Donjon de Vincennes on the horizon was the battlefield of Champigny. The Wurtemberg division had its headquarters here in this house, and in an attic, used by the invaders as a point of observation, one may still read names in German characters scrawled on the ceiling. We are surrounded by all the contrast and contradiction of French life. The gaiety and movement of Paris reddens the northern sky at night with the glow of its lights; below these windows, within these walls, there are pathetic memories of invasion and defeat, one day to be revenged, as the roar of the cannon from the forts protecting the capital sometimes reminds us; and behind us are boundless

forests, smiling villages, fertile hills and plains—all the peaceful quiet of rural France, where the never-ending toil of the peasants amid the tranquil beauty of the landscape makes one imagine that the glitter and turmoil of the fairest of cities is as distant as the scene of battle and devastation.

EVELYN FRANCES BODLEY.

From Temple Bar.

LIONS IN THE TWENTIES.

Many men, themselves distinguished now, are publishing accounts of those with whom in bygone days they came in contact. And it is certainly interesting to hear their anecdotes. They show us the private life of those who will always be famous in history; they bring to our view the many changes which even a few decades effect in the habits and manners of men, as mere history can never do; they prove also that the great and talented of earlier days, how far soever they may be our superiors, were yet of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, and make us feel our kinship with pleasure and pride.

I too, though with no claim to distinction, may endeavor to interest my readers by brief notices of some whom it was my privilege to know in my far-away youth. I have not much to relate; but every little crumb of reminiscence is valuable when it tells of the great men of old.

My father, Mr. T. P. Courtenay, was a member of Parliament, and held various offices under the crown; he was therefore in a position to become acquainted during my childhood with many prominent personages, and though our house, Clay Hill, near Beckenham in Kent, was in the country, it was sufficiently near London for friends to drive down to visit us. It cannot indeed be called "country" now; it was but ten miles from Charing Cross, and the town has come out and spoilt the beauty of the country without adding to its own.

One small house, a little school, was all the sign of habitation that could be seen from our windows; all around were fields and hedgerows. The birds built their nests in our garden undisturbed, and in frosty weather came for crumbs, and rewarded us with the sweet music of their songs.

In this quiet spot did Mr. Canning, foremost among my father's friends, foremost indeed among the men of his time, love to spend a few hours far from the restless stir of London and the busy field of politics. He seemed greatly to enjoy his visits to us. On these occasions he would never talk a word of politics; he came for thorough relaxation, and determined to have it. He felt at home and at his ease, and doubtless these peaceful hours were beneficial to him. But alas! we were not living in the country when, later on, his political enemies harassed him into his grave; a Sunday on our shady lawn might greatly have refreshed him. When he was with us how proud and happy we were! I used to sit and watch, with delight I can never forget, the play of his countenance and the flash of his eyes. Those eyes, when quiescent, appeared to be of a palish grey; but when he spoke, their very color changed—you could have sworn they were dark, deepest blue or brown, and they flashed a fire which seemed to fill the room. Oh that I could remember some of his words, some instances of his sparkling wit and ready utterance! But I was too young to remember, or perhaps to understand.

Yet some of Mr. Canning's "fads" I well remember. For instance, he knew the French language well, but nothing could induce him to pronounce it properly; he pronounced all the words as if they were English. I know not what reason he gave for this, or whether he gave any; it was his way, and he would not alter it. He had also some queer ideas about spelling; he was greatly averse to the letter *f*, and I have seen notes to my father in which the word *fat* was spelt *phat*, and other words in a similar manner. He asserted that this was the correct method of spelling.

I will here endeavor to describe Mr. Canning's dress. I well remember how he was attired one evening in the summer time: nankeen tights, narrowed towards the ankle, and fastened there somehow; nankeen waistcoat, blue, perhaps about a shade darker than Oxford blue; tail coat; a broad pleated cambric frill all down the shirt-front; his watch in a "fob" or little pocket in the trousers, with his chain and seals dangling. (I forget whether he had a gold chain or the more common ribbon; I incline to think it was a ribbon. A stiff "watered" ribbon, generally blue, was worn at that period.) The morning dress had the same sort of coat, but real trousers, not drawn in at the ankle. At the period I am speaking of, about 1819 or 1820, gentlemen generally wore in the evening knee-breeches, black, with long black silk stockings, and very small buckles on their shoes; but very soon after that date all the young men in the evening wore trousers, leaving the other costume to their elders, and speedily the generality of the elders followed suit. But for riding, as even to this day in the hunting field, shorts and top-boots were common; though I never saw my father in these, great rider as he was, as he always rode in trousers fastened under the feet with leather straps. Soon these straps became the fashion for gentlemen all day long. Gradually, very gradually, the frock-coat superseded the "swallow-tail" for morning wear, the blue sometimes changed to brown, and the gilt buttons disappeared, to give place to such as are worn to this day. By the year 1824 or 1825, I think, men's dress was very much as it is now, except that the waist is now rather longer; but it was not so short in old days as the caricaturists make it out to have been.

Mr. Canning's son Charles, worthy son of a worthy father, I knew well in my early days. He was just a year younger than myself, having been born in 1812. When he was about seven years old he was sent to a large school at Putney, kept by a Dr. Carmault, to which school my eldest brother had

also been sent at the same early age; and in the summer of 1820 little Charles's first holidays were spent with us. His mother was at that time, I believe, on the Continent, so Mr. Canning was glad to let his child accompany my brother to our home. Charles was a sweet little boy, gentle and good, with dark hair and soft intelligent eyes. I remember his telling me that he had had long curls, which were only cut off when he had to go to school, and that, though people thought the curl was natural, his mother's maid put his hair in papers every night. We used to call him Carlo, as he said that was his name at home. It was with much glee that he taught me to say the Greek alphabet, which he had just learnt. How triumphant we both were—he at being able to teach me, I at being able to learn! I am proud of my master to this day.

I remember that one day my father began to object to the habit my mother had of addressing him as "Papa;" he appealed to Carlo and asked him "What does *your* mother call your father?" The dear little fellow, with a smile half shy, and yet as if he saw the joke in his answer being the one that was not desired, replied, "I think she always calls him papa."

It was very pleasant having Carlo with us, but the days went calmly by with but little change, so that beyond the fact that it was pleasant there is little to record. But he was not long at the Putney school; he then went to Eton, and I suppose Mrs. Canning returned to England, so we saw our little friend no more. I have never seen him since. I watched with pride, as if he in some way belonged to me, the career of "the great Lord Canning" in India; I lamented for him the loss of his devoted wife, and grieved when he too was called away from the strife and tumult which are the world's usual gifts to the worthiest of its sons. But I always feel it an honor to have known, even in my earliest years, one of the greatest and best men of the century.

Other celebrities of former days I have known, or rather I should say I

have seen and loved; and now, old as I am, I could wish I had been born ten years earlier, so that I could have remembered conversations which as it is I was too young to understand. But there is one among my father's friends who remains imperishably fixed in my memory. It is the poet Southey.

It is a curious fact that Southey holds no place in the hearts of present lovers of poetry, yet in his lifetime no one was more honored than he. It may be that his personality, rather than his poems, attracted the admiration of his contemporaries. Now no one knows him. Who in the present generation has read "Thalaba," that "wild and wondrous song," or the "Curse of Kehama," as wild, as strange, as fascinating? Why were these poems the delight of the age which saw their birth, and are yet forgotten now? To me, who in my childhood *lived* upon them, this must ever remain a mystery.

Let me try to picture Southey as he sat in my mother's drawing-room. I do not remember that his features were particularly striking, and he was not tall, or of the stately presence which characterized his brother, Dr. H. H. Southey. But his eyes! A dark and liquid brown, so full of love, when he was silent and calm, that you thought perchance nothing but love was there; but when he spoke the liquid brown was fire, yet fire made of roses, and the beam that darted from his eyes seemed to reach far into the room. Again I say, would that I could remember the words he spoke; but I was a child, and a very young one. In those days children were little noticed; I was one of a large family, so that, although I suppose my hero had to shake hands with me when first he entered the room, that would be all the notice I ever expected from him. I merely sat where I could see him, and worship to my child's content the being who first woke in my infant mind the love of poetry. For, greatly as I delighted in the *story* of his poems, what touched my heart was the feeling which was clothed in those magical words, the everlasting truth which, wrapped as it was in tales of

Oriental superstition, could yet find its way in perfect purity to the heart of a child.

When, a few years later, I had gained the advanced age of sixteen, my family moved from the country to the very top of half-mile-long Harley Street. The farthest house at the southern end, next door, I imagine, to that lately occupied by Sir Andrew Clarke, was then the residence of Dr. Southey, the poet's brother, and he naturally became our family physician. And a charming man he was, whom everybody loved. With a singularly beautiful face, which revealed the goodness of the spirit within, a fine person, and gentle yet cheerful manners, he was just the man to enliven a sick-room. He had none of the affected manners which characterized most of the physicians of the time—courtly, unreal, unsympathetic. You could not look at him without feeling that he was true. It was said that all the ladies were in love with him, and hence he got the name of "Thalaba the Destroyer," from his brother's poem. Certainly he had four wives, so he made as many ladies happy as was in his power. He was a man who could not do without a home, and a loving wife to greet him after his days of labor; and I am sure he deserved all the love he got. He was a trusted friend in the families of those who consulted him, and many a little domestic *fracas* was told to his sympathizing ear. He often talked of his brother, then living among his beloved lakes. Once, I remember, he told us Robert had written that he should be in London by the fall of the leaf. "Therefore," said Dr. Southey, "I shall expect him in the spring." And sure enough it was in the spring that he came to town, to stay a month. My father was very anxious to get him to dine with us, but was told that every day of the promised month had long been taken up, and that he was engaged to dine out till he should return home. This may show in what estimation the poet was held in those days. In his later years, alas! that bright mind became clouded. I remember once expressing my sorrow

at this, when the reply was, "It is worth losing one's mind, to have had such a mind to lose."

Dr. Southey once told us a curious story. A year or two earlier a young man had called on him and told him that he was making a very good living as a quack doctor, but that he had become unhappy at the thought of his absolute ignorance of everything connected with the human frame; he could not in conscience continue in this state, and asked Dr. Southey to recommend him such books as would be most likely to help him. The doctor, kindly interested in his story, named several books, and the man departed. "And now," continued Dr. Southey, "the other day he called on me again and said, 'Sir, I am ruined. As soon as my patients found out that I really knew something of their cases they left me; I have lost them all.'"

Apocryphos of quacks, the celebrated quack, Mr. St. John Long, then had a house in Harley Street. Fine ladies drove up in their carriages to his door; he professed to cure consumption. There was once an inquest upon a woman to whom his cure had proved a cure for *all* the ills of life. It was shown that his treatment had been egregiously wrong; but I do not remember what his punishment was, or whether he had any punishment at all. Curiously enough, in the following year another woman succumbed to his treatment, and the victim in this instance was the wife of one of the jurymen who had sat on the previous inquest.

I had heard of St. John Long some time before I knew his history. A few years previous to the appearance of this quack, some of my maiden aunts living at Sydenham became acquainted with a young man who professed to be an artist. They enjoyed patronizing what they wished to think genius, and I used occasionally to hear the name of William Long; but he was not quite sufficiently presentable to be treated as anything but an impecunious protégé, so I never spoke to him. He was very anxious to paint a portrait of one of these ladies, and at last she agreed that

he might paint her back. So the back was duly painted; the cap and the gown were represented, but not even a side glimpse of the face. My astonishment and amusement were considerable when I heard that the great Mr. St. John Long was no other than poet William Long, the struggling artist, who had at last found his vocation.

There was another poet with whom I was intimately acquainted. Not an angel visitant," like Southey, but the friend of years. Thomas Campbell, with his wife and only son, lived for some time in the village of Sydenham, which was within a short drive of Clay Hill. Sydenham was but a small place then, a hamlet of Lewisham, and one of its houses was tenanted by my maternal grandmother and some of her maiden daughters. Here Mr. Campbell soon became intimate, and of course I often saw him there. By-the-by, when first I knew him, it was the custom always to pronounce his name "Cammell," dropping the two centre letters entirely, and I remember it was thought a curious fad of his when he adopted the more modern style of pronunciation. It was long before we got reconciled to the change, and indeed I do not think my father ever did so; with him it was "Tom Cammell" to the end.

But though Campbell was a poet, he was a great contrast to my beloved Southey. You could see that Southey was a poet, the very embodiment of poetry, while Campbell looked more like a lively and intelligent man who might never have written a line in his life. I think the difference was this: Southey wrote because he could not help it, Campbell because he liked to do it. Campbell's longer poems, those by which he got his fame, seem to me to be often labored, as if he carefully sought the proper word with which to express his meaning; and although the word in each case was doubtless the very word most fitting for his subject, the result was often a stiffness which it was difficult to admire. His shorter

poems and ballads are often charming; but pathos, I had almost said, he had none. Yet I must make one notable exception: I doubt if the poet ever lived who could have written more pathetically than Campbell did in the touching story of "O'Connor's Child." Here all the best and deepest feelings of the poet were stirred, and the result is immortal.

Campbell was a true lover of freedom. At the period when all Europe rang with the story of the struggles of the Poles for liberty, no voice was stronger or more energetic than his in pleading their cause; and to hear him talk on the subject was enough to awake a like enthusiasm in every one. He was a delightful companion, full of talk which was always interesting, and a favorite with all who knew him. One winter, in 1831, he was staying at St. Leonards, while my family were at Hastings, and many a pleasant walk I have had with him up and down the row of houses (in one of which we were staying), for he generally found his way to Hastings daily to visit some friend or other. Like all poets, he loved the sea. One short piece which when published he called "A View from St. Leonards" was really composed at Hastings, while he stood gazing at the waves from the window of some friends of mine, who were rather displeased at his, in their opinion, robbing Hastings of its rights; for we old Hastings visitors were rather jealous of the young town by our side.

I have said that our house was ten miles from town; but, short as the journey was, there were dangers, real or imaginary, to be dreaded on the way. "Penge Wood" was an ominous word: Penge Wood, where highwaymen often attacked unwary travellers! Where now are streets and squares and omnibuses and trains, were in those days trees, and nothing but trees, affording good shelter for the active gentlemen so greatly feared of old.

I never heard, even in my earliest years, any well-authenticated account of a traveller having really been stopped and robbed in that wood, but its

¹ Or Cawmill? — Printer's devil.

character remained, and one never felt safe while driving home through it at midnight. Occasionally a party of us children were taken up to town to "the play" at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, and then on the drive home my mother used anxiously to look out to see if the friendly horse-patrol were following us; if he was there we were safe, but if he was not in sight, following perhaps some other carriage, the anxiety was great. How glad we were then when, emerging from the wood on to the common, we could discern the distant lights in the small wayside inn called "The Crooked Billet," which stood at the farthest corner of the common. There was afterwards a railway-station of that name, standing, I presume, nearly on the identical spot where the little "public" once stood—solitary then, yet a cheering mark to belated travellers. When we had passed that we were on ordinary roads and scattered houses all spoke of safety. I well remember one dark night when our friend, the horse-patrol was not in sight. I was a very wee child, perhaps ten years old. I had lately been given a little ring with some common stone in it, and I was determined the highwayman should not have that, so I quietly slipped it into my mouth and kept it there till the danger was passed. It was fortunate that I did not swallow it, as I should probably have done in my fright if the dreaded enemy had really come upon the scene. It is not surprising that, considering the dangers of the road, any friends who came from London to dine at Clay Hill had to stay the night; indeed, even apart from the dangers, the drive was a long and dreary one. While Parliament was sitting my father must often have had to make the drive, but I never heard that he or his groom carried pistols, as some people had to do at that time even in going from Clapham to London. Certainly there are some things managed now in a pleasanter fashion than of old.

The hour of dinner, again, has changed greatly. Even for a formal dinner-party the hour then in the

country was five or half past, just when nowadays the ladies are gossiping over their afternoon tea. But this early hour was not unpleasant in the summer, when the guests could saunter out from the windows of the drawing-room on to the lawn, under the lengthening shadows of the fine elms covering the whole breadth of the soft turf.

Among other friends more or less known to fame was Dr. Phillimore, the grandfather of the present Sir Walter. He was often with us, a pleasant, chatty man, with whom we felt quite at home. He generally brought with him his young son Robert, whom he always called "Robin," and whom it fell to my lot to entertain. My two sisters were too old to condescend to play with a boy, so they sat in solemn state in the schoolroom with the governess, while the younger children, all boys, were in the nursery, so Robin and I had the garden all to ourselves at dinner-time. He was a tall, good-looking boy, with no small amount of assurance. In those early days I believe he loved play rather than work of any kind, though he learnt in due time that talent without perseverance is not of much avail. We were very good friends, and enjoyed the swing between two lofty elms in the field, or making a fire in our little gravel-pit, or eating the fruit in the kitchen garden.

I never met Robin after we were children, though of course I often saw his name in the papers. I believe his father, Dr. Phillimore, deserved the gratitude of his countrymen for his exertions to procure the abolition of the "salt tax," a most cruel tax imposed, I presume, to supply the needs of the government during the terrible Napoleonic wars; and a blessing indeed it was to rich and poor, but especially to the poor, when that tax was a thing of the past. I well remember a little basket of salt hanging up in our kitchen, which I was told had cost five shillings, and which was only used for the table. Truly, here, too, we are better off now. I fear the "good old times" were rather hypocrites.

Naturally my father had many speak

ing acquaintances whom I never saw, and he sometimes narrated curious stories respecting them. Once he stopped to speak with a friend who was walking with a man whom my father did not know. After a while the friend said to his companion, "By-the-bye, Hook—" whereupon my father instantly wished his friend good-morning and was off; such was the dread he had of the renowned wit. Soon after this he met Hook in a drawing-room, and they became good friends. They were walking together one day and met Edwin Landseer, who soon began pressing Hook to allow him to take his portrait. Hook instantly made the apt reply, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" I have seen this story told of some other wit of the time. Sydney Smith perhaps, who may have made the same reply; it was so obviously appropriate that it may easily have occurred to more persons than one. But I can vouch for the truth of my version, as I heard it from my father on the day on which the reply was made.

Another amusing story of Hook is connected with a very old friend of my father's, a Mr. Rosenhagen. "Rosy," as we children used to call him (though not to his face), was a very shy man. He was once at an evening party when Hook was amusing the company by making impromptu couplets to rhyme with the name of every person in the room. "Rosy" was seized with a fit of shyness, slipped out of the room, and stood listening outside the door. At last, excited by hearing the shouts of laughter in the room, he softly opened the door and peeped in:—

So, Mr. Rosen'hagen,
You pop your nose in again,

instantly greeted the unfortunate man, and again of course the laughter was loud and long.

I must narrate yet another of my father's stories. He was acquainted with Mr. Mathews the elder, who used at that time to give marvellous "entertainments" in one of the theatres. Being as entertaining off the stage as he

was on it, he was in great demand at dinner parties on days when his "At Homes," as he called them, were not being held. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Mathews were engaged to dinner, when a sudden call of urgent business obliged him to forego the expected pleasure and travel a short distance into the country instead. There was no time to send an excuse, so it was decided that Mrs. Mathews should go by herself and make all needful apologies for her husband's defection. She went, and found her host and hostess much disappointed at her coming alone. However, they made the best of it, and the hostess said, "Well, though we are very sorry not to see Mr. Mathews, it is fortunate that there will be no vacant chair, for a cousin of my husband's has just arrived unexpectedly from Scotland, who will fill the place, though he cannot charm us with brilliant conversation." The cousin, Mr. Bulteel, was introduced to Mrs. Mathews, and took her down to dinner. In fact, he seemed quite smitten with her, and to forget that she was a married woman, so that she felt quite annoyed at his manner. After dinner, when the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Mr. Bulteel immediately made for Mrs. Mathews. A lady who was sitting beside her was shortly called away to the piano, and Mr. Bulteel seized the vacant chair. Here he continued his embarrassing intentions, till at last the poor lady could endure it no longer. Rushing across the room, she seized her host's arm and entreated him to protect her. He appeared greatly shocked, and in the hearing of all his guests called the culprit up to apologize. Looking very much ashamed, he crossed the room; she just glanced at him, then again looked appealingly at her host. "Look at him again," said the host, and she did. Lo, on his knees before her, but with an air of anything but contrition, his eyes sparkling with merriment, knelt her husband. He had feigned the call into the country, and arranged the whole affair with his host, who in his turn made his wife believe that the

stranger was his cousin. Mathews wished to prove that he could so manage his features and his voice as to deceive even his wife; and he certainly succeeded.

Among my father's parliamentary friends was Mr. Shiel, an able and agreeable Irishman, of some note in those days. Of course he was a Protestant, or he could not have been in Parliament. He, like my father, desired to see a different state of things. I remember one anecdote, which is amusing, as illustrating a strange, and in one respect, I hope, bygone phase of society. They were talking with regret of the religious discord which had been evoked by the discussion of the claim of Roman Catholics to take part in making the laws of their country. Mr. Shiel wound up by saying: "Yes, things are very different from what they were. Why, I remember the time when the Protestant clergyman and the Catholic priest would sit and get drunk together as friendly as possible." Certainly the friendliness was more to be admired than the way in which it was manifested!

May I tell one more story? It cannot be called a reminiscence, as it relates to events which occurred more than six years before I was born; but it may interest some of the present generation, who know comparatively little of the punishment of the "stocks," which was familiar to their great-grandfathers. There are yet a few places in England where the ancient stocks may be found, but they are now harmless reminders of a more barbarous age. They were first instituted in this country in the reign of Edward III., and joined to them was then, and for some centuries after, a post to which the culprit was tied for a public whipping. Gradually the post disappeared, but as late as thirty-five years ago the stocks were still standing at Mitcham in Surrey, on a portion of the green called "Correction Corner." These have now gone, but stocks still remain at Monkton, in the Isle of Thanet, Malvern, and doubtless a few other places. They were cruel instruments, not of physical so

much as of mental torture. The person to be punished was seated on a bench, with his feet extended over a board in which semicircles were cut just fitting the ankles; then another board with similar half-circles was let down on the ankles and securely locked, and there the victim had to sit, exposed to the jeers and insults of the passers-by, for as long a time as pleased the magistrate who committed him. Sometimes rotten eggs, dead cats, or any obnoxious thing that could be found, were ruthlessly thrown at the unfortunate man; yes, or woman, for sex was little respected in those days. It cannot have been pleasant to sit there helpless and endure all this. We are more merciful now, and do not aggravate the lawful punishment of offenders with the "lynch law" addition of those times.

Now for my story. Early in the present century, in 1805, my father and mother were enjoying their honeymoon in the country. My father was twenty-three, his bride only twenty. One day in their wanderings they came to the village stocks. He sat down on the bench, just to try how it felt, and placed his feet in the semicircular holes; she in girlish fun shut down the top board, when to her horror, she found that it closed with a spring and that she had made her husband fast in the stocks. She had no idea to whom to apply to undo the spring; she had to leave her beloved one and run to the village in search of a rescuer. We can scarcely in these days imagine the difficulties that lay in her way; any villager she met would receive her tale with jeers instead of sympathy, and then hasten to the spot to gaze on the unhappy occupier of the place of punishment. The bride was a very pretty girl, with softest nut-brown eyes; and in her white embroidered gown, and straw hat with simple ribbons, she must have looked little like the wife of a vagrant. I do not know how she fared in her quest of the person who kept the key of the stocks, but at last she found the right man, probably the village constable, and persuaded him to come to her aid. He tried her patience greatly

as he hobbled along, grumbling at the trouble she was giving him; and at last, when she came in sight of her husband, she found some of the villagers assembled there, delighted to see a gentleman in the stocks, and imagining, or pretending to imagine, that he had been placed there for poaching, or robbing the squire's hen-roost, or stealing a "turmit."

Luckily there were no rotten eggs at hand to destroy the beauty of the blue coat with its large gold buttons, or the shirt front with its broad pleated frill. At length the old constable contrived to turn the cruel lock, and the victim was free.

Towards the close of his political career my father became a privy councillor; but neither the sailor king, nor the girl queen who succeeded him, ever knew that their "trusty and well-beloved" adviser had once been a prisoner in the village stocks.

MARY AGNEW, *nee* COURTENAY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A GREAT ENGLISH CHRONICLE.

Next in value to the inheritance which a modern Englishman possesses in the great body of his literature, is, perhaps, his inheritance in the varied architecture of his fair, and, on the whole, very fortunate island. But while England's written chronicle from Bede and Alfred belongs to the race at large, and equally to every branch of the widely scattered English family, her chronicle in stone, and in the humbler materials of brick and mortar, is the peculiar heritage of the home-keeping Briton. Freely circulating wherever the race and language have spread, the one is as readily accessible in San Francisco or Melbourne as in London or Edinburgh; the other, although in a valid sense an inheritance of the race as a whole, is not, for obvious reasons, capable of the same world-wide diffusion. Like Luther's Bible, this chronicle is a chained book.

In the present instance the undeni-

able privilege of possession is tempered by some responsibility. It is true that of late years this fact has received a certain amount of recognition, and that the more splendid pages of the architectural volume are just now somewhat effectually cared for and likely to be preserved at least to immediate posterity. But while the ivy-covered fortress and ruined abbey are sedulously propped, and the baronial hall, the cathedral, and the venerable parish church more or less judiciously renovated, other important regions of architecture are less fortunate. It is in the great commercial and manufacturing centres, and in the villages clustering about them (or which once clustered about them), that the most hopeless ruin perhaps is wrought. Here, and in the picturesque High Streets and old-world squares and market-places of the elder towns, the "grim wolf," not of war or famine, but of peace, plenty, and universal increase, "daily devours apace"—now swallowing up a fine old Elizabethan hall, now a mansion of the seventeenth or eighteenth century with its grounds, now a whole row of quaint half-timbered cottages, now a pleasant farmhouse, now an ancient inn; and all this not with "privy paw," like the popish wolf of Milton, but openly and before our waking eyes. The changes in the outward face of English towns and villages, the havoc and general obliteration which this well-fed, but insatiable monster has wrought in the last fifteen or twenty years, are greater probably than in any similar period since he began his ravages.

Close and many are the links of association which bind our history, poetry, drama, and fiction, that is to say, our national life, to the pages of this ancient architectural record. Almost every picture from the earliest which our poetry calls forth, has a background in native architecture. Caedmon sings his "Creation" in the hall of a Northumbrian monastery. Chaucer's light-minded company, "from every shire's end of England," meet at a London inn before their final journey to the Cathedral City. Castles,

courts, dungeons, palaces, country houses and town houses, streets and inns, along with camps, battlefields, and enchanted forests, fill the pages of the great Elizabethans; Shakespeare especially abounds in palaces and taverns. Their themes may carry us to France, Italy, Greece, Rome, or the ends of the universe, for the imaginations of the old dramatists knew no bounds; but we make these magnificent excursions through the doors of old English play-houses, and between the projecting gables of old English streets. So, too, in the period of Milton and the Puritans. We cover vast ranges of spiritual geography, celestial and infernal, but the great visionary himself is corporeally lodged for the most part in such homely precincts as Bread Street, Fleet Street, Aldersgate Street, Barbican, and Jewin Street. Again leaving that troubled time, with the makers of mundane history busy at the congenial task of smashing painted windows and mural sculpture, and bombs, "like mad evil spirits," invading even the repose of cathedral aisles,—and coming to the milder age of Addison, we find the polite periwigs of that polished era translating Homer, and writing their neat essays on "Man," "Immortality," and the "Pleasures of the Imagination," amid the familiar environment of London coffee-houses, and under the shadow of the resurgent St. Paul's and the new churches of Wren. As we approach still nearer to our own day, the links of this connection become even closer, from the more direct and picturesque treatment which architecture begins to receive. Somewhat early in the last century, Thomas Gray, a Cambridge scholar of repute, set the seal of his exquisite genius on the Ivy-crowned church and yew-shadowed churchyard of rural England, with all the images, sentiments, and associations which gather round them; in one fortunate poem preserving for all time to the dispersed Anglo-Saxon tribes of America, India, Africa, and Polynesia, the most perfect picture ever yet limned of the most beautiful, most harmonious, most pathetic, and at the

same time the commonest object in the moralized English landscape. A little later arose the great-hearted Wizard of the North. To him probably more than to any other writer is due the revived, or rather perhaps the first created, popular interest in the feudal relics of Great Britain, which dates from about the beginning of the present century. Taking under his especial guardianship, along with the mountains and streams of his beloved Scotland, all the castles, abbeys, priories, ancient halls, manors, and moated granges of this island, in what state of repair soever, he made them beautiful, filled them with the brilliant company, we all know, or should know, and informed them with a vivid life and interest which they might never have possessed but for the magic of his wand. Then followed the great and famous company of modern English writers whose line has gone out into all the earth. With them—the poets, historians, novelists, and essayists of the early and middle part of the century, who made the life of modern, or relatively modern English people, familiar wherever English books are read—grew up a new order of interest and association. The architectural background here is that of the busy, prosperous England of the early steam-age; the age of the new railways with their embankments, bridges, and stations; of suburban villas (detached and semi-detached) twenty and thirty instead of four or five miles from town; of the cotton-spinners', iron-masters', and railway kings' new country seats; of the summer tourist, and the new seaside and mountain hotels; of Yorkshire mills made as interesting as Yorkshire monasteries by the genius of Brontë, and London streets of the Victorian age made as delightful as those of the Elizabethan age by the genius of Dickens. Of Barchester Towers, Gatherum Castle, Framley Parsonage, Shepperton Church, and Locksley Hall,—of Bleak House, the White Horse Inn, Boffin's Bower, and the other side of Goswell Street.

This is the pleasant, complex, new

and old picture of the face of mid-century England, which, aided by the already too profuse arts of illustration, went forth into Greater Britain with the names of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Tennyson, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë. But it is already a fading picture; for now succeeds our own absorbing epoch, with its own galaxy of geniuses, who though eminently worthy shall for the present be nameless; and with its own achievements in the builder's art, whereof more anon.

It would of course be idle to speak of the worth to the nation at large, and to the scattered portions of the English or rather the British, household, or the more splendid pages of the architectural chronicle; of the mediæval and feudal pages especially. Their worth, though not so universally admitted as many suppose, is now generally recognized, and, as we have said, they are likely, with embellishments and additions of our own, to be handed down in a fair state of preservation to a grateful and appreciative posterity. But the worth of the humbler pages—the secular, civic, domestic pages—is not so widely recognized; and their chance of being preserved for the enjoyment of future generations is considerably less. Yet these humbler pages form not only the bulk, but also in some respects, the more important portions of the book; for it is almost needless to say that the comparatively few great or remarkable buildings of a country do not determine the character of its architecture so much as the broad and common features of the street and the roadside, of the town, village, and hamlet, which meet us at every turn. And it is just these which make, or once made, the peculiar felicity of English scenery; which fill out and complete the picture whose central objects are the castle and the cathedral, the princely country seat and the rich mediæval parish church. It is these common features, along with the unmatched freshness and delicacy of the English landscape, which have been the delight of poets and the encomium of travellers. From Miss

Mitford to Mr. Ruskin, from Washington Irving to Nathaniel Hawthorne and M. Taine, there has been no diversity of opinion as to their charm. No fairer homes can be found in fiction than those which are drawn in "Our Village;" none in what is called real life than those which are, or were, to be seen in the "lowland hamlets of Beddington and Carshalton," the defilement of whose pleasant waters is lamented in the "Crown of Wild Olive." The native compares shire with shire, the stranger compares them with his own country, and both with an increasing appreciation of their manifold merits. Where elsewhere, in the Anglo-Saxon world at least, can be found such lovely old town and country houses? Where such incomparable old inns and cottages, such picturesque farmhouses, barns, and gateways? Where elsewhere such delightful old High Streets, such pleasant old-world squares and market-places? The tourist is drawn by the far-famed castle and minster, and discovers their common and secular environment to be equally surprising. Warwick is as interesting as its fortress; Canterbury and Winchester are as wonderful as their cathedrals; the closes of Norwich, Lichfield, and Salisbury, are as beautiful as the spires that overshadow them. To say truth, this frigid northern islet of Britain, which but for the amiable influence of the Gulf Stream would probably be nothing but another Labrador or Newfoundland, is, and has long been, a heaped up storehouse of natural and architectural as well as historical treasures; of places and things "too fair to be looked upon but only on holidays," and on golden sunshiny holidays in May or June, which live in happy memory. Truly, oh strong Mother of many strong peoples, thy former children built for thee beautifully and well in the old days! But unless thou look to it thy latter progeny will undo the work of thy fathers.

Of course this is the bright side, the holiday side. We know well that there are, and have long been, grimy towns as well as gracious towns, black counties as well as beautiful counties. But

such things must be in the home of a strenuous and active people. A good workman is known by his chips, and the same is true of a working nation. England is emphatically a working, a toiling nation; and her grimy towns and black counties are merely the chips, the inevitable parings and filings, thrown off in the multiplicity of her virtuous labors. Nor are these workplaces necessarily ugly; but even when they are ugly, undeniably and deeply ugly, they possess the unique interest of ugliness, and the interest also of antithesis. The steeped towns would lose half their charm were it not for their sharp contrast to the chimneyed towns. It is not the chimneys, the smoke, the blackness, in their proper place, which mar the holiday picture; it is when the grimy town overlaps and swallows up the gracious town, park, or neighborhood; this is the particular abomination of desolation standing where it ought not, against which the feeble critic raises his voice.

The ravages of our demon of prosperity (it might be writ of democracy) are most observable, as we have said, in the wide tract of architecture between the cottage home and the stately home,—or rather in the tract including both. A slight study of his modes of action shows them to be generally modes of destruction pure and simple, and modes of bad or inharmonious building; or of the two modes combined. This latter form of action is sufficiently familiar to us, being chiefly seen in the suburbs of large cities, where a good many, if not most of us, have to live. How complete in many cases this destructive and reconstructive process is, obliterating all former landmarks, many know to their cost; and also in these latter times how rapidly it is carried on. The semi-rural dwellings of earlier generations with their ampler gardens, shrubberies and lawns, seem to be the most tempting prey of the devourer, who has also an especially keen tooth for historic houses and their grounds. The rapidity with which a pleasant domain of this latter

kind is transmuted into close lines of tenements and shops, or minute villas of ludicrously uniform pattern, can be paralleled only by the speed with which the jungle swallowed up the wicked native village in Mr. Kipling's tale. Only here it is not "letting in the jungle," but letting in London, Manchester, or Birmingham. But although this phenomenon has become so familiar that we now hardly notice it, and commonly accept it as the inevitable result of commercial prosperity, our demon is the very genius of increase; its effect, with but few exceptions, is the degradation of architecture. All good architecture by general admission is of slow, or at least of moderately slow, growth.

There is na workman
That can bothe worken well and hastilie,
This must be done at leisure parfaitlie,—

and there is nothing leisurely now in the growth of English and American cities. This particular form of building activity, however, though bad enough where it is operative, is less hurtful to the broader aspects of architecture than certain others, being confined to the greater business and manufacturing centres, which, though of importance, are after all, but a part of the whole; and its erections, also, are seldom permanent, as these small tenement and villa tracts are often, as if by Nemesis, swept away themselves after a short life by factories, public works, and large commercial buildings.

More widespread and lasting by far, and more serious because almost impossible of remedy, is the injury done in the gracious towns themselves. By this we mean the gradual, but none the less sure, effacement of the peculiar features which make, or once made, them, not merely old-world and interesting, but also distinctively native and English. Fortunately in most of the cathedral and abbey towns, and in other smaller towns of which we may speak, the progress of this effacement is comparatively slow; its movement, however, can be easily seen, and its ultimate result predicted with a degree of certainty. And in most cases

the result would probably be this: that while the more important features,—the cathedrals, abbeys, and parish churches, with our own additions and embellishments—would remain, with the more noted secular buildings, such as the old hospitals and a few specimens of the early overhanging gables,—the wider architectural features,—the indescribable felicities of the old corners, the quaint groupings of chimneys, roofs, and gables, the happy combinations of form and color—which make the present charm of many of the old streets and squares, would disappear, and their place be taken by architecture of a wholly different kind. That is, while the monumental and famous edifices would be more carefully propped and preserved than ever, the towns themselves would be gradually rebuilt and modernized. But this, it will be said, is exactly what has always been going on. The ecclesiastical and other famous structures have stood with but slight alteration, while in the towns which surround them one type of building has succeeded another since the beginning; and the happy variety of new and old which we now see is the fortuitous result. But unluckily for the continuance of this ideal development, the buildings which are just now taking the place of the old, in too many instances give no possible hope of future picturesqueness, indeed forbid the hope. This is not because they are different from anything that went before; the various successions of the earlier periods were often that; but because they have no affinity with their surroundings, and can never be harmonized with them. Some of the many new types,—those for example with the Mansard and other forms of modern Continental roof and ornament—are exotics in England, and have always since their importation been at war with the elements of the architecture of the country and smaller provincial towns; much more opposed even than the old classical importations, some of which may be said to have become in a manner naturalized. Other types are equally at

variance from being bad in themselves; a notable case in point being the now very prevalent one, which, with nothing else in common with Gothic, adorns, or covers itself with its features, lancet windows, clustered columns, decorated capitals, and the like—to such an extent that it may be styled the order of ecclesiastical hotel and cathedral villa. Still another type belonging to the same category of intrinsic badness, is merely the order of profuse and purposeless ornament laid on as if with a trowel. This, indeed, seems to be the bane of modern domestic architecture,—minute, elaborate, heaped-up decoration. “We must run glittering like a brook in the open sunshine or we are unblest.” Plain living, so far as the exterior of our houses is concerned, if not high thinking, is no more, and will be no more while the prevailing architect believes that decoration is synonymous with beauty and its absence with the reverse. Besides these, certain abnormal developments of the bastard Queen Anne style might be named; and here and there one may discern symptoms of the sky-scraping structures of New York and newer London, as yet, however, mere pigmies by comparison, sky-scrapers, as it were, in the bud. But the subject is trite, and the multiplication of unfortunate modern instances is superfluous and unprofitable.

It is, therefore, a relief to turn to the many admirable examples of purely modern building,—examples good in themselves and in complete harmony with the older environment—which are to be found in the towns in question and also in the country. These sufficiently prove the possibility of handing down the architectural succession in a line of almost unbroken excellence; and prove also that the bad instances just cited are not an absolutely necessary product of our time and conditions. But there is another factor in good building besides felicity of design, which we are told can no longer be counted on. This is the human factor; the old “village workman who knew all kinds of work

and built in unconscious, simple picturesqueness," and to whom the older building owes its admirable and enduring qualities. At what precise period he became extinct we know not; but although his homely art probably began to decline two hundred or more years ago, we are disposed to think it was not finally crushed out by the all-pervading power of machinery until about thirty years since, for up to the latter date evidences of its existence are to be found. It is unquestionable, however, that he is extinct now, and that the common craftsman of to-day if left to himself will not build in unconscious, simple picturesqueness, but in exactly the reverse manner; hence the too well-grounded fear for the future of permanently good architecture.

"My godmother lived in a handsome house in the clean and ancient town of Bretton," says Lucy Snowe in "*Villette*." We have long been trying to find this delectable Bretton and its "handsome house" with "clear, wide windows looking down on a fine antique street, where Sundays and holidays seemed always to abide;" and although we are not yet certain of the identity of either, we believe the town to be one of the smaller country or market towns, which, though not presided over by cathedral or abbey, may yet be called "gracious." These smaller English towns, with many others that have neither court nor market, form a pleasant if not indispensable chapter of the architectural volume. They have, or should have, at least one very grey and ancient parish church with spire, or tower, seen from afar; a goodly grammar school of King Edward's, or some respectable later foundation; a picturesque manor house; and a circulating library. The centre of the whole system, however, if one may so speak, is the High Street. In this "fine antique" thoroughfare, besides the grammar school and the library, are, or should be, one or two ancient inns and posting houses,—a Blue Boar or a Green Dragon; the sleepy country bank, the post-office, the

shops; and, either in or near it, a score or so of old brick, stucco, or stone, dwellings of the type of the handsome house in "*Villette*." They are not always very old, these houses, most of them having been built, as we surmise, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years ago; and hence they belong to the order of modern, or middle-age, antiquity. But although very plain in the matter of ornament,—often indeed without any other than their immaculate curtains, bow-pots, and clambering vines—they are in many cases serenely beautiful, and put wholly out of countenance the more elaborately-tricked mansions of to-day. And besides their intrinsic charm they have another interest. For in them, and in such towns as these, lived, moved, and had their being, no small number of those illustrious personages of modern, or relatively modern, fiction, whose fame as we said, has gone out into all the earth. Middlemarch was such a town as this; Mr. Pecksniff dwelt in one of these houses; Lilly Dale in another, and better; in these ancient inns sojourned Pickwick the immortal, and his philosophic followers; the inspired young curates and vicars of Dr. Macdonald ministered, and may yet minister, in these grey churches; here lived Adam Bede, Amos Barton, Mr. Gilfil, the repentant Janet, and the evangelical Mr. Tryon, the elder Penderennis, Dr. Thorne, Mr. Crawley—the names would fill a book. And besides these, there is, perhaps, an equally delightful host still waiting in the limbo of unwritten fiction who may one day come forth and inhabit these pleasant mansions. Hence on more than one account, the regret that these smaller towns, like the larger ones we have mentioned, should be invaded by the spoiler,—that these beautiful old English houses should ever be supplanted by the French roof, the cathedral villa, and the much adorned nondescript.

But we are told that such things must be after our famous victories 'n science, mechanics, and commerce; we must bear the penalty of the resultant ugliness. Perhaps not; with the bane

is found also the antidote. Our very activities may, and do, sharpen our perception both of excellence and of its pernicious contrary. We may yet awake to the fact that these humbler pages of our national chronicle are in their degree as worthy to be preserved as the more splendid ones. And when it has finally dawned upon us that the old streets and houses which so charm the home-turning Americans, and which are beginning to interest the Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, are after all a valuable part of our common architectural heritage, we may perhaps not waste and destroy them so wantonly as we do. Only the awakening must not be too long deferred; for the grim wolf gnaws steadily, and once lost they will not be easily restored.

From The Contemporary Review.
TIBULLUS AT HIS FARM.

The country is the workshop of the many, the playground of the few. To some it has been and it will ever be less a playground than a hospital; the refuge from all the forms of disillusion; deceived love, disappointed ambition, political discouragement, simple ennui. Men fly the tedium of crowds for solitude at once narcotic and intoxicant. Only the hermit in his mountain cell quite knows the meaning of the word excitement. Such things were always true, but they were not always rendered an account of. The poet of antiquity who most consciously "returned to Nature" to comfort his sad heart with her healing sights was the *Romano di Roma*, the Rome-born Tibullus.

Another poet had taken far from towns the burden of an infinite sorrow, but not for comfort; not even *cenusta* Sirmio could assuage its master's all too real and too irremediable wound. The heart-ache of Tibullus was also real to him, but it was self-centred and to a certain degree self-sought, unless we are to accept the results of temperament as inevitable. He was haunted

by a gentle but persistent melancholy, which pervades his poetry like a *leit-motif*. Death had less a particular than a universal meaning for him; he does not seem to have felt the sharp edge of any severe loss; his father probably died before he was grown up, and his mother and sister lived to close his eyes. But, as if in prevision of his own early end, he was forever aware of the presence of death, and he made no stoical boast of indifference to it—he was very human. In his happiest time of love his cry is "Let me behold thee when my last hour is come, let me hold thee with my dying hand;" he bids Delia to his funeral which, in his imagination, he distinctly sees. When that was written he was in excellent health, and was in possession of many of the best gifts of fate—great talents, a handsome person, hosts of friends, among whom was Horace, who thought him particularly fortunate. Though a good deal of property which he ought to have inherited was confiscated, he was placed above the need of presents from patrons; so that he could preserve a perfect independence in his friendships with men of high position; an advantage of which those who had it not could, no doubt, keenly appreciate the value. Of external causes for his low spirits two have been discerned; the infidelities of the woman he loved and could not help loving, knowing well her unworthiness; and again, the soreness he felt as an aristocratic Roman patriot at the downfall of freedom, in which he drew no consolation from the larger vision of a great Italy that shone on Virgil's prophetic eyes. But if those things helped to give him a distaste for the world, the secret of his melancholy must be chiefly looked for in a mind without ambition, almost without aspirations; full of vague regrets, wide sympathies, æsthetic sensibilities; prone to self-analysis, impressed with a sense of surrounding mystery, but not with the desire to penetrate it. Tibullus was the child of a tired age, of a century sick with many of the intellectual maladies of our own.

The principal part of the property remaining to him lay at a place called Pedom, on the spurs of the Apennines (not far from Palestrina), where the poet had spent much of his childhood. The situation is still delightful, and then presented a pleasant mixture of cultivated land and woods. At this Pedom farm he gained the intimate knowledge of peasant-folk which enabled him to draw a series of country scenes that combine the pious beauty of Millet with something of the crude humor of Teniers. Take one of these: the forecast of a prosperous year. Laurel boughs crackle in the sacred fire, and farmers rejoice and thus interpret the omen: granaries will be full, and the vats not large enough to contain the wine when the rustic has trodden out the grapes and sated himself with the sweet inebriating must. New children will be born, and the little boy, the treasure of the house, will catch his father's ears and kiss him; nor will the old grandfather tire of watching his little grandson and prattling with the child in broken words. It is strange that before the coming of the master-teacher of "L'Art d'être Grandpère," the two poets who best understood the charms of babyhood were two young bachelors: Catullus and Tibullus.

The rustic of Tibullus is not impossible innocents, but it was with a tolerant eye that he observed their excesses. He is more amused than shocked when they take more than is good for them. Once, indeed, he gives a little word of reproof. The incident is in this wise: a peasant owner goes with his wife and children to a picnic in the Holy Grove. They have a "real good time;" prayers to the gods are succeeded by a feast *al fresco*, and nothing occurs to mar their enjoyment. But when the dusk comes and they drive back in the cart, thoroughly tired as workers so easily are with pleasure, the peasant, being not very sober, begins to disagree with his wife; after they get home the quarrel thickens; spiteful words are bandied to and fro, the wife has her ears boxed, and, alas! her locks *cut off*. Then she cries, and

in the end he cries, too, to see the work of his mad hands:—

We fell out, my wife and I,
And kissed again with tears.

A satisfactory ending; but, says Tibullus, how much better it would have been to have only pulled her hair down and not to have cut it off!

The most touching rites of rural piety were those connected with the humble family worship of the paternal Lares—the souls of the righteous departed who were appointed or permitted to watch over the living. How the Italian people clung to a belief in a present and familiar guardian—one who had lived on earth and who could sympathize with their small necessities—may be still seen in the niche with an image over the cottage door, or the shrine with a picture in the corner of the cornfield. If the peasant is extremely prosperous, a white cloth edged with lace, which hangs down in front, is placed before the picture or image, and on the cloth stand two high-backed vases containing artificial flowers. If the worshipper is very poor, the flowers are real, and a disused meat-tin, picked up out of the road, serves for a vase. The florid visage of the Australian ox on the label looks down, not altogether incongruously, from many such a rustic altar.

The attitude of the peasant's mind to his Lares is transparently clear; but what was that of the mind of a highly cultivated man like Tibullus, who belonged to a society which was rapidly ceasing to believe at all, even in the august immortals? It might be difficult to find an analogy in Italy, but it can be easily found in Russia. The educated Russian who has travelled feels the same for the family Icon as the Roman poet felt for the family Lares. He feels, in the first place, that this is an institution connected with the sacred ties of kinship and even with national life and sentiment; that such an institution is very touching and interesting, and is much more worthy of encouragement than of contempt; that, for the rest, if there be a Power

that hears, all aspirations and the peasant's humblest sacrifice will find their way to it. "Sa prière sait plus longue que lui." That lastly, there is such a thing as Luck, and the Icon brings luck, never mind how. This point of view is sincere within its limits—quite as sincere as some graver assumptions of relief. It is, moreover, a matter of common observation that *Aberglaube* flourishes at the time when serious religious convictions are increasingly shaken.

It was to the paternal Lares, at whose feet he ran about as a child, that Tibullus's thoughts travelled when he was starting to accompany his friend and captain Messala in the expedition between the Garonne and the "rapid Rhone." It was to them that he addressed the simple prayer to be preserved in the hour of battle. "Be it no shame," he said, "that you are fashioned out of an old trunk, for even so you inhabited the abode of my old grandfather. The men of those days kept better faith when a wooden idol stood in a small shrine and received poor offerings. The deity was propitiated if one gave it a libation from the new vintage or set a crown of corn-ears on its sacred head. Whoever had had his wishes fulfilled, carried offerings to the god with his own hand, followed by a little girl bearing fine honeycomb."¹ If he escape, he too will honor the Lares; a pig shall be offered up to them which he will follow clad in white and crowned with myrtle. And then he inveighs against the horrors and stupidity of war, with the open disgust of a man who could prove himself not only brave, but exceptionally valorous, on occasion. Let others make a boast of martial deeds; it is enough for him to listen, as he drinks, to the stories told by the garrulous old soldier, who traces his camp on the table with his finger dipped in red wine. What folly it is to seek death in war; is it not always near, approaching with noiseless feet? In the next lines we seem to hear not only the note of

Tibullus's sadness but the sigh of all antiquity at the gate of death: "There are no fields of harvest below, no cultivated vineyards but fierce Cerberus and the Stygian ferry-boat. A pale crowd, with fleshless chaps and burnt hair, wander by the gloomy marsh."

How much to be preferred to military glory is the lot of the man who grows old in his cottage, with his children round him! He follows his sheep, his son looks after the lambs, and when he comes home tired, his wife prepares warm water to refresh him. "May such a lot be mine!" Tibullus had his prayers fulfilled so far that he escaped scatheless, and with no little glory, from the Aquitanian campaign, in which he served Messala as aide-de-camp, but the year after, when on his way to Asia with the same commander, he fell ill with a fever at Corfu, that undermined his once strong constitution. One of his most beautiful elegies was written when the fever was at its worst and he had almost abandoned hope. What had he done to merit death? He had hurt no one, nor had he spoken "mad blasphemies against the gods." His hair was black, and creeping age had not come upon him. Unlike many ancient poets, Tibullus did not hate old age; he had a tender wish to grow old and to relate the events of his youth to the young. He begs his friends to offer up sacrifices for his recovery, and whether he lives or dies, at least to remember him.

Tibullus minutely describes the Ambarvalia or Spring Festival, when the fields were purified, a ceremony resembling the blessing of the field and of the beasts, which is still in force under the religion whose founder was born twenty-six years after this elegy was written. The rite, says Tibullus, had been handed down to them from the old time, and it was good and seemly to perform it. After the work of the year comes this solemn day of rest; it is a Sabbath for all, the furrows rest, the ploughman rests, the unharnessed oxen rest, with garlanded heads, before their full manger; the woman puts not her hand to the spindle. The holy lamb

¹ Kelly.

is led to the altar, followed by the folk wearing crowns of olive. The greater deities are then invoked: Bacchus with his grapes, Ceres with her corn-ears: "Gods of our native land, we purify our fields, we purify our hind; repel, ye gods, all evils from our boundaries. Let not our crops cheat the labors of the harvest with deceitful blades, nor the slow-footed lamb fear the swift wolves. Then the sleek rustic, cheered by the plenteousness of his fields, will heap large logs on the blazing hearth; and a crowd of born thralls, a good sign of a thriving farmer, will sport, and erect bowers of twigs before the altar."

Another interpretation of the words given here as "bowers of twigs" is that they mean "baby-houses" made in play by the slave children of the house. Dark as is the blot of slavery upon ancient civilization, one is always being reminded that the slaves (especially those who, like these children, were born on the estate) were well cared for, and, as a rule, kindly treated.

Tibullus praises the rural gods for having instructed men in all the arts of peace; how first to cover the little log hut with thatch, how to break oxen for the plough, how to put wheels to the cart. And he praises the husbandman for having been the first civilizer; the first to graft the apple, to irrigate the garden, to press out the juices of the golden grape, even to invent the elements of music and poetry. It is well to notice how usually the ploughman, not the shepherd, is the central figure in the Latin poetry of the country; it was more bucolic than pastoral. Thus Tibullus points to the laborer as he who first sang rustic words in determinate measure to relieve him from the weariness of his long toil at the plough. It was the laborer, too, who began to compose airs to the oaten pipe in rest-time after meals, which, on the proper days, he sang to the garlanded images of the gods. The Roman peasant is not here represented as piping to his divinities; but pipers were very early employed in the temples, perhaps soon after the introduction of the pipe from Asia. They seem to have been also

engaged to attend funerals; Augustus cut down the number that might be so employed to ten, and forbade the pipers to eat in the temples. This led to a sort of strike; the pipers left Rome in a body, but were brought back by a stratagem, which is related by Livy and Ovid. When they reappeared they were masked, to which Ovid ascribes the origin of people "wearing strange dresses and chanting merry sayings to old-fashioned airs on the Ides of June"—practices suggestive of the Carnival. With regard to piping in the temples, it would be interesting to know whether the custom of the Abruzzi peasants of playing on fife and bagpipe before the shrines of the Madonna (as they used to do during the Christmas week at Rome) does not date back to some pre-Christian practice. These rude musicians have handed their art down from father to son from time immemorial, till it has become an instinct with them to throw a devotional meaning into their wild notes, which even the human voice rarely succeeds in expressing.

Tibullus recalls how, of old, the villagers assembled once a year to sing the praise of Bacchus, when the leader of the best chorus or the best individual singer received a goat as a "not-to-be-despised reward." He does not add, because his readers did not need to be told, that this early Attic folk-tournament, which was held to celebrate the opening of the new wine, was the humble origin of Athenian tragedy, the word "tragedy" being derived from the present of a goat.

In spite of his criticism of war, the poet had more than once a thought of returning to the camp, the only active life open to one who preserved a haughty detachment from the politics of the day, giving no word either of eulogy or blame to that head of the State whom his brother poets were saluting as divine. Sometimes, without doubt, a secret voice whispered to him that he was meant for a nobler part than that of pouring out upon worthless objects the treasures of a love which could not help forgiving. But the personal ambition or impersonal enthusiasm that

might have spurred him to sustained action was lacking; he knew his weakness perfectly; he turned himself inside out and examined the contents with a half contemptuous smile. In theory he always held to the same rule of life—to enjoy while you may, while there is time:—

Be merry! See, the steeds of night advance,
And yellow stars enweave their wanton dance;

After them, silent sleep with sombre wings
And dreams of dark, mysterious countenance.

But like the great Persian poet, of whom he often reminds us, he knew only too well that a light heart is not to be had for the asking. Those dark dreams of his, which were probably a real experience, as he more than once alludes to them, cast their shadow over his most sunlit waking hours.

So we leave this Roman knight, taking a last look at his handsome form as, in a simple dress, forestalling Tolstol's Levine by two thousand years, he followed the ploughing oxen, or turned up the soil with a fork, or carried home a stray lamb in his bosom.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

From Longman's Magazine.

SOME SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MATRONS AND THEIR HOUSEKEEPING.

There is a pathetic interest in watching the swift course of a great river just above a fall. The steady flow of the mass of deep, clear water is an image of calm and controlled strength; and yet we know—what the river does not—that this orderly progress is shortly to be changed for a mad plunge over rough rocks, and that the river itself will soon be a mere boiling mass of foam and bubbles and confused eddies, apparently aimless in its passion and strength, till it finds a fresh bed, and flows on again at a different level.

Something of this feeling possesses us when we read the annals of English

homes in the early part of the seventeenth century. The great days of Elizabeth still form the background of the picture, and the younger generation, for whom Vandyke painted and Lovelace sang, have an air of dignified ease and leisure which is very attractive. The Puritan, with his sour looks and cropped hair, is still only a butt for ridicule, not to be taken seriously by people of culture, and the political zealot may safely be left to the tender mercies of the Star Chamber. The cataract of the Great Rebellion is still out of sight and hearing.

Such a stately and gracious figure is the Lady of Berkeley, Jane, daughter of Sir Michael Stanhope, and wife of Henry, Baron Berkeley of Berkeley. Mobray, Segrave, and Breuse of Gower, and lord of many fair castles and manors in the West.¹

The Lords of Berkeley, through all their long line, were said to have been fortunate in their wives; and the mistresses of Berkeley Castle had been distinguished for their "skill in housewifely courses," their careful overlooking of "dairy affairs" and of the "accompts of their husbands' manors and household officers," and for their hunting, hawking, and general out-of-door activities. Indeed, some of them more than justified the old proverb in the county of Gloucester:—

As the goodman says, so it should bee;
But as the goodwife says, so it must bee.

There were household traditions of a Lady of Berkeley in the early fourteenth century who, feeling in "her elder years" that she was growing "weake and sickly," took the most energetic measures to preserve her vigor. Part of her "Physicke for her better health was the sawinge of billets and sticks, for which cause shee had before her death yearly bought certaine fine handsawes, which she used in her chamber, which commonly cost ijd a piece."

Lady Jane's mother-in-law was as

¹ The Berkeley MSS. By John Smith of Nibley, 1618. Ed. by Sir John Maclean. 3 vols. Gloucester, 1885.

masterful as Queen Bess herself, "over-powerful with her husband, and seldom at rest with herself . . . of complexion of a comely brown, of a middle stature. Betimes in winter and summer mornings she would make her walks to visit her stables, barnes, day-house, poultry, swine-troughs, and the like." Lord Berkeley's first wife, Lady Katherine Howard, not so notable a housewife, was inclined to "betake herself to the delights of youth and greatness." She was an adept with her crossbow, and was "soe good an Archer at butts with the Longbow, as her side by her was never the weaker." She accompanied her lord on his hunting journeys, and "kept commonly a cast or two of merlins mewed in her own chamber," to the great detriment, as her maidens lamented, of "her gownes and kirtles." Lady Katherine died in 1596, and two years later Lord Berkeley married Jane Stanhope. She did not share in her predecessor's sporting tastes, and at once, in gracious and womanly ways, set to work to put her house and household in order. That this was no slight task may be seen by the size of the household she ruled over. When the Lord of Berkeley moved from one of his castles to another, accompanied by his lady, "he was seldom or never attended with fewer than one hundred and fifty servants in their tawny cloth coats in summer, with the badge of the white Lyon rampant embroidered on the left sleeve, and in coats of white frieze lined with crimson taffety in the winter . . . amongst whom many were Gentlemen and Esquires of remarkable families and descent, and of alliance to the house of Berkeley." For the conduct of these esquires and pages, who are under the control of the "Gentleman Usher in waiting," the Lady of Berkeley draws up full and minute directions. The laws for the whole household she has fully entered in the "Yeoman's book," which she expects her gentlemen to observe "without any breach or contempt of them;" but she thinks good to give them some special rules that, by their "obediencie, well-behaviour and

tractableness," they may "procure the meaner sort of my servants in calling to amend their faults by their good examples."

When the yeomen of the chambers have done their work, the gentlemen usher is to go round, at eight o'clock in winter and seven o'clock in summer, or "if strangers be there, then at more early hours," and see that all things in the dining and withdrawing chambers are in fair order and "well set up, according to his lady's former directions set down." The rooms are to be always ready for the entertainment of strangers; he is to see that the great fires of oak logs are burning brightly in winter and in summer; that "the chimneys are trimmed with green boughs and the windows with herbs and sweet flowers, and the chamber strowed with green rushes." There are minute rules for the attendance of "the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen when I shall walk any way out of the park, as into the fields or any of my outward grounds. Further, when I do walk in the park then I do license the gentlemen either to walke, bowl, shoote, or any other pastime, where I walk in this order. If I do walk in the high walk, then they may be in the lower walk; if I do walk in the lower walk, then they may be in the upper." When my lady walks in "the greate garden," she gives gracious license to the gentlemen to be in another part of it, whether she has strangers with her or not.

Lady Jane is minutely solicitous about the comfort of guests in their own chambers, and her anxiety that breakfast should be served punctually to the moment they have asked for it is worthy of railroad days. A "gentleman of calling" must be attended from his bed-chamber to the dining-room when meals are served, and there is much ceremonious etiquette of leave-taking when the guests' riding-horses are brought round to the hall door.

Some of Lady Jane's decrees, as regards attendance upon her walks and suchlike, are not, she says, "express commandments," but rather the intimation of her wishes; but the really

serious duties of the day culminate in the dining-hall. No trifling or negligence can be allowed during the august ceremonial of dinner and supper—the "commandment" here is absolute: "My pleasure is that the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen shall, with due reverence and great diligence, wholly give their attendance to wait upon us, and none for those times to go to rest themselves in other places . . . and not to go to any bye places to eat meat in corners, nor to take nor give away any meat . . . but to give good attendance till they go all together to take their diversion. And therein all to behave themselves civilly like gentlemen . . . to use no playing fence nor disorderly pastimes in the hall which causeth great disorder and gives cause of offence by the great noise that comes by that means."

It is a consolation to feel that the great lady who ruled her family so well passed away before the evil times, and that the "gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen" had full leisure to carry out in detail the stately funeral rites which had been accorded to her predecessors. No longer, as of old, did "priests with their crosses, and friars white and grey," stream up to Berkeley Castle from the neighboring churches and monasteries; but it was still needful to feast all the country-side "with ale and comfets, red wine and claret." The weary steward could thank God at the end of the day that no spoons were lost, though twenty dozen were used; and that his lady had been fitly buried.

We find the next Lord Berkeley, in the thick of the Civil War, raising troops in the West to join the king's standard at Nottingham; the "great garden, the high walk and the lower walk" are deserted, and Lady Jane's esquires and pages, now grown men with grizzled beards, are sadly following Lord Goring and Lord Hopton in their hopeless campaigns.

While the Lady of Berkeley's ordinances impress us with all the solemnity of an old-world minuet, the letters written after the Civil War are quite

modern in spirit—full of the reality born of conflict, poverty, and suffering. The gentleman usher and his train of attendant gentlemen, the waiting gentlewoman and her maidens, have been confounded with their masters and mistresses in a common calamity, much to the eventual gain of both. When Church and King were struggling in the rapids, Etiquette could hardly hope to keep her footing; but periods of transition are painful.

The change of tone strikes us in the letters of Mistress Elizabeth Isham, written about the middle of the century.¹ She was the wife of Thomas, son of Sir Euseby Isham. Her husband's family, the Ishams of Lamport and Pytchley, in Northamptonshire, had suffered bitterly from fines and imprisonment. Her own relations, the Dentons, a wealthy and distinguished county family of Buckinghamshire, had fared even worse. Hillesden House, the home of her childhood, had been besieged and burnt to the ground; her brother, Sir Alexander Denton, died in the Tower; her trusted friend and brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Verney, was killed at Edgehill, and her own fortune had melted away. How bravely Elizabeth Isham carried herself in poverty and in bereavement, her letters to her nephew, Sir Ralph Verney, testify.

In the unsettled times when friends wrote to each other in cipher, Elizabeth and Thomas Isham were distinguished in the letters written to their relations in exile as "Jugge and Pann," homely names pertaining rather to the kitchen than the parlor, but which continued in familiar use long after the need for concealment had passed away.

Thomas Isham was an ardent Royalist, as befitted his name; he had compounded, and after the burning down of their home at Radcliffe, he and his wife settled themselves in a house belonging to Sir J. Tipping, at Wheatfield, in Oxfordshire. He was gradually losing his eyesight, and became more and more depressed as he grew more dependent. Mrs. Isham writes in

¹ The Verney MSS., at Claydon House.

1657: "Panny's eies be still worse and worse, now he cannot see to reede, which is a greate grefe to him. . . . He hath sente up to by him a coach to travell aboute in; I would not a had him buy one till nexs sommors, but these Husbonds must have thare wills, the old sainge is thay will Live the Longer. If Panny would be rueled by me, we would never sture out of this cuntrey, till we come to be Bearyed in your cuntrey or these Pople a wary of us."

"My husband is very weike," she writes the following spring; "sometimes I thinke he will live, but he is more likly to die. 3 Drs. I had for him laste friday, and he not beinge sicke thay can not tell what to say to him: they put me in hopes of him, and this day thay give him Phisicke so gentell as a child may take itt, so I hope itt may doe him good; they be the beste Drs. in Oxford, so I wishe thay may have good Locke with him . . . he is not sicke att all, but noe Blode in his Lipes and very shorte winded: the Lorde be his comforter." "Panny" is so far better a few days later that "he is come to socke a Bone of a sucking Rabett."

Mrs. Isham suffered from an eruption on the skin, for which Sir Ralph Verney sends her a home-made lotion, with the following directions. (March 22, 1658): "Apply this to your face every night after you are in bed . . . let it lie on all night, and wipe it gently off in the morning with a piece of store new Black Cloth, but wash not your face. If you see noe company for a day or two, or three, it is better, for then you may lay it on fresh in the morning, and let it continue on all day and wipe it gently off at night againe with the Black cloath. . . . I had almost forgot to tell you, you must not lay it on cleare, but shake it very well together, till tis as thick as caudle, then power out a little quickly into this china box, and, lying on your back, take a piece of sponge, pat it uppon your Face thick and thin together . . . if you like it you may have as much of it as you please at a Weekes Warning."

When it arrives she is too busy with

her husband's ailments to attend to her own . . . "If my dear Panny is well I shall soone make use of itt. I doe but thinke with my Blake fase and the Blake cloth what a Blakemor I shall be." Blindness had perchance its compensation for her husband.

The question of servants constantly comes up. Sir Ralph asks whether they have a man to recommend. "I thinke in time Woods may make a good sarvisable sarvant," Mrs. Isham replies, "because he hath larned to barbe allredy, that must all our mene dooe, or ells it will coste Panny more in Barbing then we give for wages in a yeare; and if he had never come hither you mite sooner a had him, for Pann uses to groe so fonde of all his mene as much adooe I have to make him to change, all though thay be nevore such fooles as Dimocke was. I inquired after my cosan Will: Dormor's Butler for you, but he was gone into france. Such a one as he was would a sarved anyone's torne, so nete a man; and with one cope of beare, as thay say, would a doone his master more credete then many a one with Bottles of wine."

"Panny can goe without leading," "Jugge" writes a little later. "Now I am very charfull, hopeinge he is on the mending hande, and the more becase the Nabores heare aboutes thinke a good parte of his sicknes is malancholey, and so hee thinke himselfe; and some neare nabores come moste days to make him mery, and yett the Lose of his eies goes so to his harte as he cannot be mery, and beside a paine of his heade troubles him tow bade."

He can hardly have been a very pleasant companion; he looks "very yalloe," and is so drowsy that his wife fears that "this may bringe him to the slepey desese, for he slepes much, and thinkes as he doth not slepe att all." His naps gradually extend to twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. Perhaps Wood's monotonous voice acted as a sedative, for Mrs. Isham is obliged to confess that the man who was so good a barber "is the worse Reader as ever you harde, as I am faine to heare him to reed Psalmes and

Chapters, and when Mr. Pan is well we shall get a Play Booke for him as he may Lerne to reed that."

The servant finds it as painful an exertion to read the Psalms as she does to listen; "when we had him a weecke or thare aboute, he sayd he had not Reed so much in seven yeares before as in that weecke, and that was not much; not past the day of the month, and 3 chapter in a day: he is a very willing man in a House and sivell, and that pleases me."

Their neighbor Lady Wenman invites them to Thame Park, and Mrs. Isham would like to accept, if she can stir up her invalid to go out; but he is grown so melancholy he cannot be left alone . . . "and Luckes so slovenly as none of my cosan's mene will Lie with him, and to have him abroade with me I am ashamed."

The precedence due to guests, which the gentleman usher at Berkeley Castle was expected to have at his fingers' ends, had become very complicated under the Commonwealth. There were peers, created by the king over the water, not recognized at home; there were the members, not peers, of Cromwell's Upper House, and titles of his granting which the Royalists sniffed at. Mrs. Isham writes feelingly of the trials of hostesses when etiquette was reviving a little; neighbors are "so discontented aboute you for Plase as thay be never to be reconciled againe; this is a thinge I doe much hate. Any one shall goe before me as will, and iff Sir Harry Blunte axed Harroles (Heralds) before he came downe, my Thinkes heare is so many buriells aboute, as none shoulde thinke of Plase." She is very proud of a new page. "You be to see the fust of my small officer. I thinke itt may be a pretty site to see him a Horse-backe and in Boots, for since he nevore had Boots on before; he is to call at Lee for a leter, so he is not to stay longe with you. . . . This Boy as we have is good for nothing but his Boots, and that pleases Pannye, and so becase he is pleased I am pleased . . . you will be a weary with reading these scribled Lines, so I reste your ever Lovinge Ante, E. Isham."

She writes to Sir Ralph the next autumn for "some Spanishe Broome seeds or any thinge of that as will growe, to sett under my windore to keepe the stinkes away . . . and to send worde when the seeds shoulge be soed, as I may doe itt caccordinly."

Aunt Isham still suffered from a "Rosy Face" and indigestion. Sir Ralph, a man of austere tastes, was living upon a diet of hard biscuits; but when he imposed this self-denying ordinance upon the old lady, it was more effective in extracting her teeth than in curing her ailments. (Nov. 16, 1661): "Sir Ralph," she writes, "Now I leve all the Drs. to take your Phisik, which is the Shepe Bisket, 2 teeth I Lefte at Hilsdon, and almost all my Bones was to be left thare, for every time I wente to Church I was sick and some time swoned quite away, but now I am well att Lee, only a nother tooth Loose and all my Gomes so tender as nothings I can eate but what is minced, so I intreate you to sende me noe more of the bisket then must be taken in one weeke, for I shall be a weary to take itt longer, and now you must be att one Charge more with me, that is a penny grater to grate itt . . . tis an ill time with me . . . I have much adoe to keepe the biskit from the mise, thare teeth be better then mine." She has a far more agreeable prescription for Sir Ralph. "I could wish you heare," she writes from Wheatfield (June 22, 1662), "as you mite drink some of the Sider as is heare aboute us, itt tis so good: and your Sider was made to soone to be good, for any sortes of Aples will be good together so thay Lie awhile before you make itt in too Sider, for the best Sider is made but just before Crismas after the Aples hath had a Sweet." She has tried asses' milk, and sends her ass on to Lord Wenman, who is sick. Mixed up with her household lore are dark allusions to the fair ladies that Sir Ralph might woo, and will not.

"Our widdore is safe come downe againe, but to heare the good and finde Language the Earle gave her, as gave you the Hownde as you broate in your

coach, would a made one in Love with him."

Spite of much good counsel. Sir Ralph Verney continued a widower, and Aunt Isham and his other female relations gave him valuable advice about his household matters. One lady sends him directions for the washing of his pewter plates, which will bring out the stain of any sauce, "except it bee pickled rabbits, which stand up on the plait a pretty while, and soe they will stoaine them filthly." The ladies' good offices were called into requisition when a domestic crisis occurred at Claydon, greatly affecting his comfort. His housekeeper, Mrs. Westerholt, was leaving him. A year before her allegiance had been shaken by a person of quality. "Mrs. W. has bin with me and acquainted me," writes Lady Hobart, "with my Lady Stanings' hy offers wich sems strange she shold mack to another bodys sarvant, but she says she will not deu any thing to disples you . . . I am loth you shold part with hur becaus she is aquanted with your ways; the lones of the plas is all she can find falt with; you want a wif, you se what inconvenances that want brings you for your company is not considerabell, a mistres wold kepe hur thare for ever. . . . She is much alon and she has good parts, and loufs conversacion as all we wemen dew, I find the wags dos ras hur frinds, but I told hur I beleve your plas wold be no ill plas nor has bin. Now the woman specks with a hy valew of you and cannot tell wen to leve you, but thay answer all she can say with the hylst ofers can be, how ever if she be fur your turn kep hur." She remained on another year, but left Claydon in the spring of 1662. "In my openyone," his sister, Lady Elmes, writes (who was not inclined to be lavish in rewarding service done to herself), "you ware much moare bowntifull to Mrs. Westorholt then you neded to a benn; my unccll Dr. and I say one quarter of it had benn very well, consedoring up one what a count she left you." All Sir Ralph's lady friends are hunting for housekeepers; Aunt Isham says, "'tis

harde to mete with them." "If your Sarvants walk according to thare Knite, thay will not goe aside. Thare was a grave mayde as was with Mrs. Goode, as could doe any thinge as for fine Parsarves, rase yeast, in the Dairy, in the Kiching, and more than you have to put her to, and very saving beside and carfull. She was not to be had last year, and should a come to my Nese Dormer, but she would give her but £6 and she would have £10 . . . she sites in the Halle." Sir Ralph is in correspondence with Stephen Windress, at Sutton, about Mrs. Smithby, another applicant. "Sir, I have known hir this 4 yeares and upward . . . hir carriag was very modest and sober, both at home and abroad, of which I have often been an eye-witnesse, and as to hir houswifry it was enough for such a hous as Mr. Godfreys, a farmer, and non of the ablest nether, but Sir I very much question whether her houswifry, Carriag, or any other parts be such as may make hir capabl of your service. Sir give me leave to tell your worshipp in playn tearmes that in my Judgment she is not." Mrs. Isham recommends a certain "Marget Chile," whose character she sends to Sir Ralph in her own delightful style: "She hath bine used too order my Lady Tippinge's Hous these 10 yeares goeing and cominge, and att presente she is in the House and hath bine heare now ever since Whitesuntide, and stayd upone the accounte of her selfe and her childrens being sick, which she is good att to tende, and is against her will to goe to be married as her Father will have her, but if she can perswade her father as she had leather goe to sarvis, the Lady Tippinge thinks her fit for such a plase; she is a very sivil mayd and hath a greate dele of wite, and does most thinges aboute a House, and Passible she is in case her Gloves be on, but her hansomenes is not whate itt was, for once she was very pretty."

Eventually a Mistress Frances Buckley succeeds to Mrs. Westerholt's responsibilities, and at once sets to work to replenish Sir Ralph's shirts, which were reduced to three. He sends

her down the materials from London. "The needles are well, and the thread very good if it were a littell finer." She wishes to employ a town cousin of her own to choose the stores, who has been used to buy much for the queen. Mrs. Buckley is great at household physick, and makes friends with the rector's wife, Mrs. Butterfield, by comparing their symptoms. She is busy with her preserves, her elder-flower "vinigar," and rock candy; and hopes to get "some Rose Water, if it be but a glass or two," when the weather is dry.

"Jugge's" services to her relations are not confined to choosing servants for them; she feels within herself a genius for match-making, and whether there is an heiress to be secured for an eldest son, or a living to be got for a younger one, she proclaims herself "a well wisher to all the yonge sparkes."

It is with something of a shock that we learn that the frail and sickly husband, who "in his deep melancholy" could scarcely be kept from suicide, survived by several years his cheerful and capable helpmeet.

She lived long enough to see her highest hopes fulfilled in the Restoration, and not long enough to see how futile those hopes had been.

She is buried with her own relations in the beautiful church at Hillesden. A long and affectionate epitaph marks her resting-place. "*Pia Mater! certa Amica! optima Conjux!*"

MARGARET M. VERNEY.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE OLDEST TRADE IN THE WORLD.

Ask a friend to name the oldest trade in the world, and it is almost certain that "Gardening" will be the reply, prompted, no doubt, by a reminiscence of the Biblical story of the Garden of Eden. It will need little reflection, however, to make plain the fact that Adam could not, without tools, dress and keep the garden in which he is said to have been placed, and, therefore, the culture of the vegetable

products of the soil must have been preceded by the manufacture of implements. These, in their rudest form, were flints broken by blows of other stones until a sharp edge was obtained; and thus we see it is not without warrant that the flint-knappers, who still linger among us, claim for their industry the distinction of possessing the greatest antiquity. The variety of implements with which the men who lived in the "stone ages" furnished themselves is as surprising in its extent as is the high degree of perfection to which the flints were brought. They had at their command hatchets, adzes, chisels, gouges, scrapers, battle-axes, lances, spear-heads, arrow-heads, hammers, mauls, and many other implements of war and of peace, of the use of which we have, for the most part, but a vague idea.

From the earliest ages flint has been used as an agent in the production of fire, at first by percussion with iron pyrites, and subsequently with a piece of steel. The application of this principle to firearms raised flint-knapping, once again to a position of high importance, and caused it to flourish in a manner foreign to it since the long-past days when metal implements began to be obtainable. This revived prosperity continued until what we may yet call the modern inventions of lucifer matches and percussion caps ousted the tinder-box and the old flint-lock from the haunts of civilization.

But besides its fitness for the weapons and tools of primitive man, there is another very obvious use to which flint could be applied. It is an excellent building-stone, and as such it has been used, from time immemorial, wherever it has abounded. One of the most striking features of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, for instance, is the extent to which flint has been employed in the erection of buildings of every description. Sometimes the nodules have been used without any preparation, but very frequently the flints have been more or less dressed before passing into the hands of the builder. The most highly wrought have a perfectly

square face and tapering sides. When these are skilfully laid, it is almost impossible to insert even the point of a penknife between the outer edges of adjacent stones, and the work is practically indestructible. Some of the most beautiful specimens are to be seen at Norwich, in the tower of Cromer Church, and on the front of the Guildhall at Lynn. Modern work of this description is far inferior to that of olden times, and is but rarely undertaken, so that even this branch of the most ancient industry has now very little vitality.

The chief seat of flint-knapping in England is, and probably ever has been, the village of Brandon, about eighty-eight miles north of London, and on the boundary between Norfolk and Suffolk. As Aberdeen is "the Granite City," so Brandon may be called "the Flint Village," for except in its main street, where several of the houses have brick fronts, there is scarcely a building which is not composed of flints. As a rule, the stones are not squared or otherwise dressed, but are put in whole, or, if too large to be so used, are broken by a blow of a hammer. Bricks are used at the angles of such houses and round the windows. The cost of the flints in their native condition is merely nominal, and of those that have been roughly squared, a sufficient quantity to face a cottage can be bought for fifty shillings.

The flint beds are at a short distance from the village, and have been worked from the very earliest times. It is almost certain that both in the old and the new stone ages they supplied raw material for the chief implements then in use, and were, therefore, worked before the formation of the German Ocean, and when as yet Great Britain was a portion of the mainland. Some of the pits dug by Neolithic man were discovered by our Saxon forefathers a thousand years ago, who, ignorant of the purpose of the excavations, called them Grime's Graves, a name which they still bear, and which is indicative of the inability of those early settlers to account for them. They exceed two

hundred and fifty in number, and spread over some twenty acres now covered by a wood. They vary in size, the largest being forty feet across and twelve feet deep, and are mostly paved with stones, a feature which led to their being formerly regarded as underground dwellings.

No perfectly satisfactory explanation of the way in which flint originated has yet been given, but it is generally assumed that the siliceous matter was partly derived from the marine organisms of which traces are almost invariably present in the nodules, and that these organisms formed nuclei around which soluble silica accumulated. At Brandon the flint is found in three layers, embedded in chalk, which is met with about six feet below the surface of the soil. The stones from each layer have their own characteristics and bear distinctive names. Those first reached are called top-stones. They are of very irregular shape, are extremely knobby, and are the least valuable. The nodules in the middle bed are more regularly formed and are known as wall-stones. The best flints are obtained from the lowest bed and are called floor-stones. As a rule, they are flat masses from three to six inches in thickness, with evenly rounded sides. The layers are separated by chalk of varying thickness; and the lowest is found at a depth ranging from twenty-four to thirty-six feet.

Acres upon acres of the flint area are covered with the chalk and waste stone brought up from the countless pits that have been opened, shafts to reach the beds being sunk at a distance of fourteen or fifteen yards apart, and horizontal tunnels being driven in every possible direction through each layer. The heaps that have been formed of late years are staring white, while older accumulations have been wholly or partially clothed with herbage by kindly nature.

A shaft is not an unbroken perpendicular opening, but the descent is made by a series of wide steps called stagings, about four and a half feet apart, and each at right angles to the one

above. The soil and stones to be sent to the surface are thrown from staging to staging by the digger, a most laborious process. There may be a good reason for the non-employment of a windlass, or the wonted method may be simply due to the conservatism of the workers. The diggers do not co-operate, but each individual sinks his own shaft, excavates the tunnels, and raises the material. A fortnight is the time usually occupied in reaching the lowest bed, which is the first to be removed to permit of the soil taken from the upper beds being sent down the pit instead of up. It is customary to sink a shaft at the extremity of a tunnel formed from another pit, to secure the draught without which the digger's candle will not burn. The tunnels are just high enough to admit of a man using pick and shovel in them in a sitting position; and to add to the unpleasantness of working in such a confined space, there is water continually dropping from the roof of the cavity and trickling down the sides. Springs, however, are never encountered, and accidents are extremely rare, the chalk being far too solid to fall. At intervals, pillars are left to support the superincumbent soil, and the practice of casting into one tunnel the refuse drawn from another still further tends to prevent the subsidence of the ground. Into the subterranean passages which he forms, the digger crawls on hands and knees, looking, as he enters, like nothing so much as a gigantic rabbit popping into its burrow.

And what is the pecuniary reward for toil of this severe and unpleasant description? If a man meets with good luck—in other words, if the flints in the bed on which he is at work are not separated by overmuch chalk, he can get out a one-horse-load of stone in two days, and so may earn a pound a week. Barely a living wage, to use the pet phrase of the day, especially as nothing salable is brought to the surface during the ten or twelve days spent in sinking the shaft. And then, again, it sometimes happens that when

a shaft has been sunk in the hope of continuing the working of what has proved to be a particularly good spot, the layer "gives out" after a few flints have been extracted from the new tunnel, and the labor of days has gone for nothing. But striking the richest portions of a bed will not put money into the pocket of the finder unless there is a demand for their produce, and that is by no means constant. During the year 1893, for instance, hardly a load was wanted.

The raw material which the diggers provide is worked upon by the knappers at their own homes, in little sheds or outhouses. Having seated himself upon a low stool, the knapper affixes his "knee-piece," a stout pad formed of layers of leather, and upon this he places a mass of flint which he dexterously breaks, or quarters as he would say, with a heavy flat-faced hammer, taking care to strike in a slanting direction, that the full force of the blow may not be felt by the supporting limb. When the mass has been thus divided into convenient-sized pieces—cubes of about six inches—he exchanges the hammer he has been using for one that is much lighter and whose head is pointed at either end. With this he strikes off flakes extending from end to end of the quarter, if he is going on to the manufacture of gun-flints; or gives the stone a pyramidal form, if he desires to prepare it in the best way for the builder, completing the squaring of its face with his knapping hammer, a tool which may be likened to a few inches of a narrow iron hoop centred on a proportionately light haft. It is with his knapping hammer, also, that he fashions gun-flints, arrow-heads, spear-heads, and similar small articles from the flakes. The flakes are held one by one upon a chisel-shaped iron driven into a huge block, and are there chipped into the desired form. During this operation the knapper guards his right hand from the flying chips by a leather shield through which the haft of the hammer is inserted, but his eyes are unprotected, and often suffer in consequence. It

is not, however, the larger particles that are greatly to be feared, but those that are most minute. These form a dust with which the air becomes heavily charged, and entering the respiratory organs, work sad mischief there, phthisis or inflammation of the lungs usually ending a knapper's days before he has reached the prime of life.

By working from six o'clock in the morning to ten at night, an average knapper can finish from three thousand to four thousand flints, if the flakes are prepared beforehand, and he is paid at the rate of fourteen pence a thousand. In the same long day an expert can produce from seven thousand to ten thousand flakes. Flint-knapping is one of the few industries in which it has not been possible to apply machinery. Indeed, the probability is that the manufacture is carried on now, in all essential particulars, as it was when the human race was in its infancy, and that the only important change has been the substitution of iron hammers for those of flint. It has even been surmised that some of the technical terms are survivals of the speech of the earliest workers.

The gun-flints, which constitute the chief production of the industry, are exported mainly to Africa, although there is also a demand for them in India, China, and parts of South America. Their use is not entirely unknown even within the bounds of Great Britain. In February of last year, according to a report which appeared at the time in the local newspapers, a laboring man, near Ely, killed fifteen wild ducks at one discharge of an old-fashioned gun with flint-and-steel lock. But there does not remain among us a sufficient number of sportsmen similarly armed to affect the trade at Brandon.

In the busiest times, three-quarters of a million are sent away in a week, a quantity which one might, at first, be inclined to regard as sufficient to fully supply all demands for a considerable period; but a flint fails to emit sparks when it has been struck a few times. Some need to be replaced when

only ten shots have been fired by their aid, while, with others, the gun may be discharged a hundred times. Those that are of the deepest color are the most highly esteemed, and as the ultimate purchasers regard with disfavor a flint of which even but a small portion is white, the desired hue is imparted by the obliging manufacturer.

As would naturally be expected, flint implements of ancient make are found in the neighborhood of Brandon, but the inexperienced collector is much more likely to purchase a modern imitation than to secure the genuine article, and, indeed, the production of counterfeits for sale by dealers is a recognized branch of the industry.

Unless there speedily arises a demand for dressed flint other than that which now exists, the art of the flint-knapper will be forgotten. A local optimist looks forward to the time when flint will be found in the pivoting work in the machines of our factories; but its value for that, or for some other purpose, must soon be recognized if skilled workers are to be ready to hand to meet the new demand. There are now only some seven diggers at Brandon, and about twenty knappers, and these latter are all that there are in England, with the exception of two who follow the trade at the Suffolk village of Icklingham. As the dusky inhabitants of the Dark Continent, and the barbaric tribes elsewhere, become civilized, they will lay aside their flint-muskets in favor of the latest needle-gun, and thus, according to the present prospect, the "oldest trade in the world" is within measurable distance of extinction.

From The Spectator.

AMERICAN DISLIKE FOR ENGLAND.

To a very large body, nay, to the vast majority of Englishmen, one of the most painful aspects of the present controversy has been the evidence afforded that Americans seem utterly unaware of the strong feeling of friendship felt here for their country,—a feeling rising

in many minds to something approaching passion. The ordinary untravelled American has clearly never realized that the old country looks with intense pride and sympathy on the splendid daughter-State. We know that within the Union dwell the majority of those whom Carlyle so happily called "the subjects of King Shakespeare;" and we feel that the Anglo-Saxon race can never "give its heart its rights" unless the two great branches are brought into harmony, and America can claim a share in the glory of Nelson and Scott, while we take ours in Washington and Lincoln. It is not too much to say that no class here, rich or poor, is without the warmest feeling of sympathy for America. An English public man who showed hatred of America, or insulted her in his speeches or his writings, would at once lose his place in the national respect,—would be drummed out of public life. No poet could direct his verse against America; no man of letters attack our kinsfolk as a nation, or express a desire for the downfall of the Union. The satirist might make fun of the American as he makes fun of the Yorkshireman or the cockney, but anything like a desire to insult the national honor, or to rejoice at the difficulties or misfortunes of America, would most certainly be treated with indignation. The notion of an English minister or ex-minister, or even of an English M.P., prophesying the downfall of the American Union and dwelling on it as a source of gratification for his country, is simply unthinkable. The man who gloated over the notion of America's ruin would be hissed as a traitor to the race. But though the knowledge of this friendly feeling is such a commonplace with us, it seems to be undreamt-of in America. There, not only is a great deal of hatred and contempt expressed for the old country, but the people at large seem genuinely ignorant of the good feeling for America which is so general and so genuine here. That the Americans should believe that they hate us, or at any rate should profess to do so, is a very grievous wound to Englishmen; but if

it is so, well, all we can do is to wait in the hope that a better feeling will some day arise. Love is not to be compelled, hired, or bought. What, however, is bitter beyond bearing is the thought that the Americans not only do not like us, but do not even know that we like them. As a proof that this is so, let us quote the following extract from a very able Boston paper of good position, the *Youth's Companion*, sent us by a correspondent. The *Youth's Companion* begins by saying that:—

The London *Spectator* recently remarked, with epigrammatic terseness, that "war between England and the United States is civil war."

It goes on to quote another passage from these pages, written early in last October, which we venture to think was not regarded here as in the least overstrained:—

Even if the cannon were ready to fire, and the gunner's hand on the lever, there would be in the end no war, for on each side of the Atlantic there are millions of quiet, plain, undemonstrative men who would forbid the outrage, and declare that, come what may, humiliation or no humiliation, right or wrong, there should be no war.

Note the American newspaper's comment on these words:—

This is most unusual language. It implies so strong feelings of friendliness and fraternal love towards this country as to render war between the two nations impossible. It assumes that these feelings are reciprocated by the people of the United States. It is certainly true that Americans have a deeper friendship for England than for any other country. Whatever politicians may say, there is and can be no hatred between the two peoples. But it is surprising to be told that if events were to occur which would ordinarily lead to war, a controlling part of the English people would insist on peace. And it is as pleasant as it is unexpected to be assured by so influential and well-informed a journal that the sentiments of those who rule in the mother country are so friendly towards us.

The *Youth's Companion* concludes with the remark:—

Let us send back a Christmas message to Old England that our hearts also are filled with peace and good-will; and that never by us shall a step be taken to encroach on her rights, or to raise the question whether she must go to war with us to maintain them.

The correspondent who sends us this extract dwells upon the astonishment, evidently quite genuine, expressed at hearing that the English have very friendly feelings towards America. "Your remarks," he says, "appear to them 'most unusual,' 'surprising,' 'unexpected.' Why are they so completely in the dark as to the real sentiments of the English people?"

To show that we are not exaggerating the extraordinary difference in feeling between Englishmen for America and Americans for England, we should like to draw attention to the things which are taught about the mother-country in the elementary schools of America. In the January number of *Blackwood*, a very interesting account is given of the spirit of ill-feeling towards England which is inculcated in the minds of the children of the States. In the school histories the children are made to regard England as a hateful tyrant who "treated the settlers as an inferior class of people," and who, without respect of law or justice, robbed and oppressed them. The writer in *Blackwood* quotes, for example, the accounts of the so-called Boston Massacre, where a fight between a guard and a crowd of assailants is represented as the act of tyrants who delight in shooting down people in the streets. We do not, of course, mean for a moment to defend the policy of King George's government towards America; but if Americans were as anxious as we are to forgive and forget that civil war, they would surely not try to keep open these old sores. We try honestly in our histories not to misrepresent the desires and aspirations of the colonists, nor to distort their acts; surely Americans might do the same in regard to ours. As an example of the tone of feeling towards America which Englishmen desire to see their children

brought up in, we may quote from a school-book issued by Messrs. Macmillan, entitled "Industrial and Social Life and the Empire." The work, intended both as a reading-book for elementary schools, and as a class-book for continuation schools, deals with the life and duties of the citizen. In the part which is concerned with the duties of the citizen in regard to countries outside the Empire, a special section is devoted to the duties of the British citizen towards the United States. The chapter begins with these words: "We have dealt with our duties towards the empire. We must now say something about those towards foreign countries. Before doing so, however, we must speak of a nation which no right-feeling Englishman will ever call foreign. That nation is the United States of America. It is peopled by men of our blood and faith, enjoys in a great measure the same laws as we do, reads the same Bible, and acknowledges like us the rule of King Shakespeare." The work goes on to describe how we lost America: "At one time the United States consisted of English colonies, but about one hundred and twenty years ago the government foolishly tried to interfere with the colonists, and would not allow them to have control over their own affairs. Accordingly the men of the New England on the other side of the Atlantic determined to set up for themselves, and after a fierce struggle became independent. This unhappy war for a long time left bitter memories, but now (God be thanked) the English on both sides of the Atlantic have become friends again. Though we must ever deeply regret that the American English should have parted from us in anger, we cannot but feel that their country has become so vast that it probably would have been necessary for them in any case to establish a separate government. All, then, that we need be sorry for is that the two halves of the English-speaking race did not part in kindness, and did not agree that in some form or other they would acknowledge before the whole world that their people were

brethren and not strangers. But though the war of a hundred years ago made this acknowledgment of an essential brotherhood impossible for many years, there is no reason why in the time to come it should not be accomplished." The passage from which we are quoting ends with the declaration that it would be quite possible for the people of the British Empire and of the United States to enter upon an agreement, placing their relations on a footing quite different from that which belongs to foreign States, and acknowledging thereby their common origin. "Some day this will doubtless be accomplished. Till it is every English-speaking man, woman, and child should look forward to the event and do his best to bring it about. Let us remember, then, that the United States is not and never can be in reality a foreign country, nor an American a foreigner. They and we are one flesh." That prominent publishers like Messrs. Macmillan, anxious to have their books widely used in schools, should have issued a work containing such expressions in regard to America; that none of the reviews of the book—we have authority for this statement—should have objected to the passage regarding America; and that the London School Board, after the usual consideration, should have placed the book on their list, is surely proof that there is no large section of the English public which desires to be fed with hard words about America.

One cannot dwell on the facts represented here without being drawn to ask the question: "What can we do to make the Americans feel more kindly towards us?" We believe that the answer is: "By getting them to realize what we feel towards them." It is the prerogative of kindly feeling, if persisted in, to kill unkindly. The Americans largely express ill-feeling towards us because they have been taught that we hate and despise them. When they realize that this is not so, as they will in time, there will be a strong reaction in favor of substituting friendliness for hatred. All we can do is to persevere in giving expression to our feeling of

affection. We must not allow our goodwill to be conquered by their expressions of dislike, but must instead dwell upon such signs of good-will as have appeared side by side with those of a different character. America is a big place, and brother Jonathan is a very busy man, but in the end he will become alive to the true feeling over here. When he does, depend upon it we shall see an enormous change in American public opinion. Meantime we must remember that millions of Americans have been taught to believe that the English nation is still entirely composed of men like Lord North and George III., and that those who know the contrary, too often regard their knowledge as a secret which it would be unpatriotic to betray. Still, as we have said, the truth will some day leak out, and then the two nations will be equally anxious to substitute affection for dislike.

From The Speaker.

SHAKESPEARE AS A FRENCH HERO.

Justice is done to Shakespeare at last, and by the hand of M. Léon Daudet. The poet's countrymen have speculated much as to his personality; they have constructed biographies out of meagre details; they have even traced his genealogy to the kings of Wales. None of us, however, has had the courage to put him into novel or play, except as an awe-inspiring shadow, dropping a word or two, and passing on. The graven threat on his tomb to malefactors who may disturb his bones seems to have deterred our most audacious fantasy from treating him as a creature of romance, and seeking to explain him dramatically. This dread does not haunt the author of "Les Morticoles." In "Le Voyage de Shakespeare" M. Daudet has made the poet a sort of Wilhelm Meister, described his travels in Holland, Germany, and Denmark, carried him from Rotterdam to Elsinore, with plenty of adventure by the way, put into his mouth profound reflections on life and art, and endowed

him with a knowledge of the German tongue from his infancy. He has companions who dispute with him, banter him, recognize him as a poet by the shape of his head. There is a sorceress who undertakes to divine his fortune in the entrails of a horse; and when, with the ardor of twenty years, the poet asks, "Shall I achieve glory?" the old lady has nothing more definite to tell than that the future belongs to the young. He has narrow escapes, for the barque which speeds him from Dover to the Meuse is caught in a storm, and the sailors, who observe his disinclination to join in a prayer, are for throwing him overboard as a demon. Luckily he has his mother's ivory crucifix, and he satisfies the suspicious mariners by waving it impressively to all points of the compass. The captain is a colossus with the manners of Falstaff, and the man at the wheel is suggestive of Caliban. They spin yarns about enchanted islands, pass the brandy bottle freely, and generally comport themselves like the tipsy sailors who made such sport for Ariel.

Arrived at Rotterdam, Shakespeare is drawn into the ferment of Dutch patriotism. Only a month before, William the Silent fell a victim to the assassin, and the people are clamoring for Spanish blood. Vengeance is wreaked before the poet's eyes on a number of wretched prisoners, to the delight of the women and children, especially of Eva, the beautiful daughter of the inn-keeper under whose roof the traveller is lodged. She explains to him that she treats his amorous advances with disdain because she is in love with Death, and that same evening her dead body is taken out of the river. Amidst the lamentations arrives a young man who confesses that he was her lover, and that they had agreed to die together, but that he had not the courage to follow her example. "Kill me!" he cries to the bereaved father. The whole scene is managed in the best style of the *Porte St. Martin*, and Shakespeare, who has been provided with a note-book by a philosophical bookseller, finds a drama ready to his

hand. Moreover, there is a Jesuit spy, who has favored him with some confidences. The spy's brother was amongst the tortured prisoners; and a dagger is presently found sticking in the heart of the executioner. How Shakespeare, with the note-book, came to omit this inspiring theme from his dramatic work, we cannot even conjecture. Pursuing his journey, he meets a person of weak intellect raving in the midst of a tempest; and here the note-book is handy, for he exclaims, "I am the tree and the fruit, the dog and the horse, the prince and the buffoon." Just as the fool imagines that he is the possessor of kingdoms, so the poet embraces in his mind more principalities than earth ever saw. That is a notable reflection, of which we seem to trace the sequel. With fresh companions, who are even more loquacious than himself, Shakespeare reaches Hamburg, where there is a quaint incident in the Jewish quarter. Here we scent the trail of Shylock; but no! the "*scène à faire*" belongs to an ancient Spanish gentleman, who makes violent love to a Jewess, relating between the transports incredible anecdotes of gallantry and revenge which excite the poet's sensibilities to admiration of such colossal lying. Enriched by this experience, he pushes on to Copenhagen, where he is introduced to the company of the principal theatre as the celebrated English actor. The leading lady promptly falls in love with him, to the despair of other admirers, and to his own contentment; indeed, we regret to say that throughout his wanderings Shakespeare forgets that he is already a husband and a father. He plays at the theatre with great success, especially one evening when he is seized by a creative frenzy, and changes the whole crisis of the piece by a daring improvisation. After this he repairs to the Castle of Elsinore and delivers on the battlements a final speech, in which he invokes heroes of friendship and love, tyrants and murderers, charming queens, pagan gods, and radiant spirits in a silent dance of human things; and refuses to abase himself

before anything save the sun, already described as the only great dramaturge: "My father, the sun, who is beautiful only because he burns!"

The poet's equipment for this voyage is significant. He has brought Plutarch's Lives and his father's hat, a headgear of bygone fashion, reverently preserved because it may retain some of the parental ideas. This precaution is needless, for in the Channel, as he watches the waves, Shakespeare finds that in a few hours he has accumulated more ideas than ever came to him in a whole year at Stratford-on-Avon. The new treasures of mind are so original that he typifies the waves as passions, and, in a dream of a tempting siren, nearly falls overboard. He pictures himself as, first and above all, a comedian—"métier decrié mais sublime." He will be a bigger man than Caesar and more puissant than the poniard of Brutus. His thoughts harp a good deal on Caesar, who seems to have been the precursor of William the Silent, an historical parallel which has been missed by all Shakespeare's editors. He is not without repartee; witness the retort to the Jesuit spy who offers his forty-three years as a guarantee of wisdom. "I once knew a fool who was sixty-four," says William. When he watches the tortures inflicted

on the Spanish prisoners, he is surprised to find no pity in his heart—probably a foreshadowing of Lady Macbeth's invocation to the spirit of cruelty. He does not care about the religious quarrels of the time; to Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Anabaptists alike, he is indifferent; what really interests him is the "distribution of light." He is as full of precepts as Polonius. For example: "Test everything with enthusiasm. Take no account of women or of memories, but pause before flowers and children, and talk to tramps. Linger long on the road which leads from the heart to the imagination." Of religion he says, "I have none, because nothing is a miracle to me." For him true glory is to be king of human sentiments, and dwell in the souls of heroes. The actor is your greatest philosopher, because to him life is illusion, metaphor, while character and temperament are the easily changed draperies of skeletons. As for dramatic art, it comprehends all the arts, and is the reproduction of life without useless details. Such, in brief, is the analysis of Shakespeare's genius and experience, according to M. Léon Daudet; and after so momentous an exposition, we fancy that our commentators will throw up the game.

Climbing Elephants.—Elephants are able to make their way up and down mountains and through a country of steep cliffs, where mules would not dare to venture, and even where men find passage difficult. Their tracks have been found upon the very summit of mountains over seven thousand feet high. In these journeys an elephant is often compelled to descend hills and mountain sides which are almost precipitous. This is the way in which it is done: The elephant's first manœuvre is to kneel down close to the declivity. One fore leg is then cautiously passed over the edge and a short way down the slope, and if he finds there is no good spot for a firm foothold, he speedily forms one by stamping into the soil if it is moist or kicking out a footing

if it is dry. When he is sure of a good foothold the other fore leg is brought down in the same way. Then he performs the same work over again with his feet, bringing both fore legs a little in advance of the first foothold. This leaves good places all ready made for the hind feet. Now bracing himself up by his huge, strong fore legs, he draws his hind legs, first one and then the other, carefully over the edge, where they occupy the first places made by the fore feet. This is the way the huge animal proceeds all the way down, zigzag, kneeling every time with the two hind legs while he makes footholds with his fore feet. Thus the centre of gravity is preserved, and the huge beast prevented from toppling over on his nose.

